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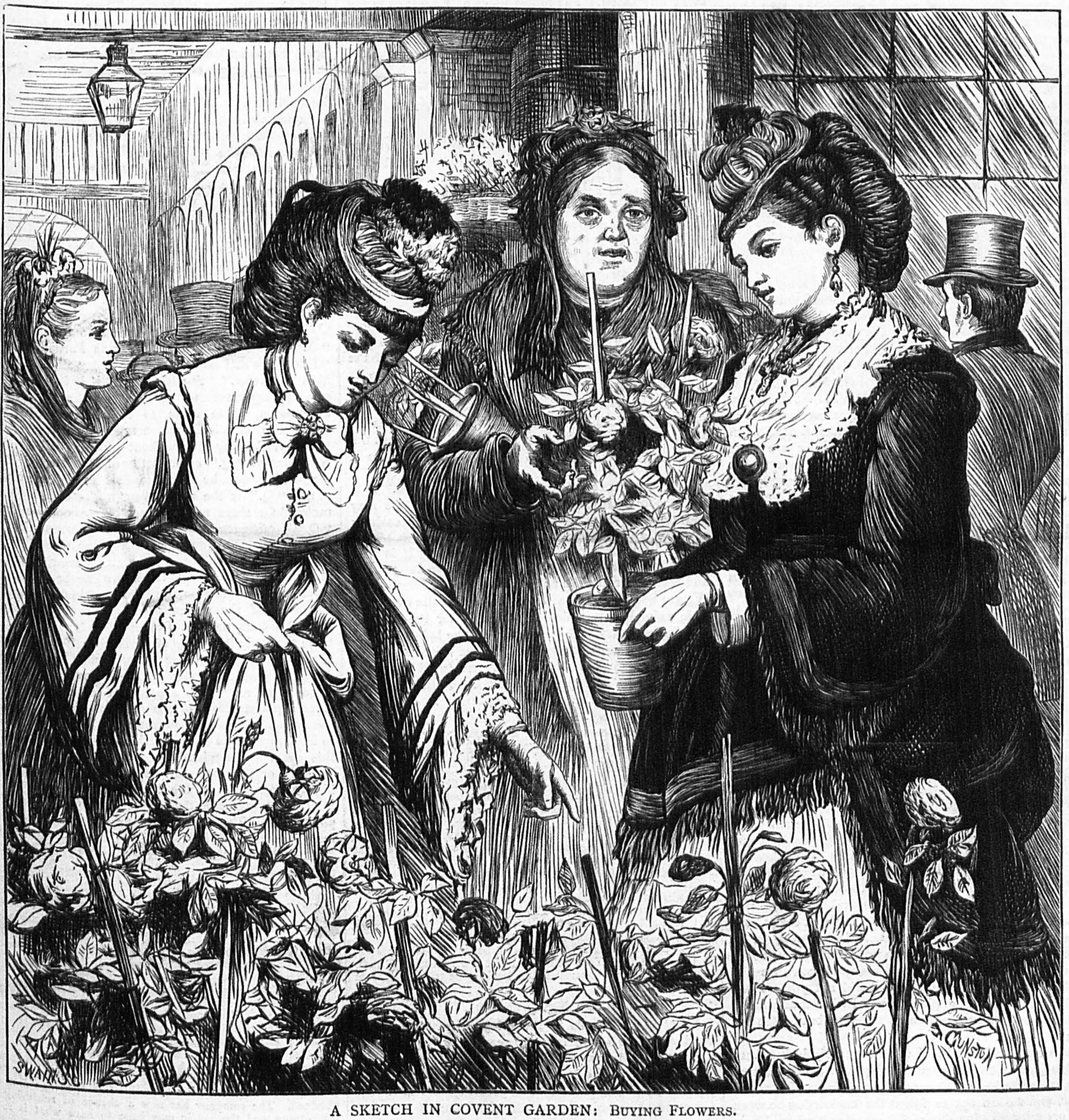


A SKETCH IN COVENT GARDEN: Buying Flowers.

THE IRRECONCILABLES.

THE "Irreconcilables" have had their fling in Paris, and the whole population of the great city is more or less responsible for their crimes. The question must be solved now, once for all, whether such a people as the inhabitants of Paris should have any more influence in the government of their country than the same number of peasantry.

We must not be deceived, at a moment like this, by the disclaimers of those who shrink from the consequences of Red Republicanism but never gave voice or vote against it in the days when this destructive element of political life was under control. The men who have held possession of the capital of France since the German armies left it are of the party who could, at any time during the existence of the Second Empire, command the greater part of the city elections. As far as political opinion goes, Red Republicanism has been master of Paris for twenty years. It has been always predominant on the vote; and in the counsels of the nation the city has spoken at all times, not against the Empire merely, but against moderate reforms, against constitutional government, against everything calculated to prevent the arrival of the day which has come within these two or three months. When we were told, after the general elections in Paris of about a year ago, that next to the Imperial party the predominant faction was that of the "Irreconcilables," and that the men of the Left Centre, represented by such members as M. Thiers and M. Jules Favre, were an insignificant minority, it was clear that Paris and the great cities were tainted with those doctrines of anarchy which have had so strange a fascination for a large class of French minds since the Reign of Terror of three-quarters of a century ago. The advanced political feeling of most other countries is in favour of greater liberty, equal privileges for all classes, beneficent laws, and a free way for progress. Reformers of this order sometimes want to go faster than is perhaps consistent with the smooth working out of the necessary changes, but they do not desire to set up a new tyranny in the place of that which has been now pretty nearly vanquished among civilised peoples. The Red Republicans are of another stamp. Knowing themselves to be a very small minority of the nation, their policy has been to compel their countrymen to accept their creed and their domination, and they took advantage of France's bitter misfortune to achieve their end.

Whatever we may think of the last Empire and the rule of Napoleon III., we must admit that nearly all the difficulties with which that *régime* had to contend were those raised by the men who have just done their utmost to convert Paris into a city of ashes. It was impossible in the days of the prosperity of Louis Napoleon to withhold a certain sympathy and admiration from men like M. Victor Hugo, maintaining an attitude of such apparent heroism in their voluntary expatriation; but the time has arrived when the principles of politicians of this order are tried before the world, and we see what they are worth. The darlings of the poet of the Channel Islands were M. Rochefort, M. Pyat, and the children of the Commune who decreed the destruction of the Column of Vendôme and marred the glory of the most beautiful of cities. Last October M. Victor Hugo, the very high priest and oracle of the Commune that has since played so notable a part in [the affairs of France, addressed an appeal almost abject to the soldiers of Germany to spare the capital of France; for, said he, "It is in Paris that the beating of Europe's heart is felt. Paris is the city of cities; Paris is the city of men. There has been an Athens; there has been a Rome; there is a Paris."

His prayer was in a sense granted; the city of cities was saved. That was a consolation for M. Victor Hugo in the midst of the afflictions of his country; but a still greater triumph was in reserve. The political principles which have been the dream of his life were to be realised; the Social Republic was to be proclaimed at the Hôtel de Ville. In this city—where is felt the beating of Europe's heart—the sublime political theory was made fact. The "people" rallied round the new idol; the National Guards flung aside the tricolour and embraced the red; the Commune was established; it baptised itself in blood; it proclaimed intolerance; it robbed and murdered priests and nuns; it destroyed the country's monuments; its normal condition was drunkenness; its attitude before its foes was that of the basest and most humiliating cowardice; and when its hour came to die—not so much for its existence, as for its crimes—it seized the opportunity to convince the world that in death, as in life, it did not possess one grain of the element of patriotism. Its latest act was to inflict a cruel wound, not on its enemies, but on the fair face of France.

Events have followed each other so rapidly during these twelve months that the attention of spectators is almost too much absorbed in watching that which is passing at the hour, and we are apt to forget the connection between the occurrences of to-day and those of yesterday. There is a tendency to regard the Commune which just now all the world execrates as a something by itself, which has sprung up within these few weeks, and covered itself with infamy, and disappeared cursing. That is a mischievous mistake. The Commune is nothing more than that body of men who have been represented during these last twenty years by the "Extreme Left." But for them, France to-day would be a splendid nation, with a free government and generous laws. But for them, the very Imperial form of government which they so hated would long since have been so hedged round by the limitations of public opinion that it could neither organise great offensive armaments, nor decree war, except by the wish of the people.

If the supporters of the Empire were not so far advanced in the ideas of the future, in the principles of international amity, and in detestation of any form of war which could be honourably avoided, Whose duty was it but that of the Liberais of the nation to preserve France and Europe from events like those of 1870? The Red Republicans succeeded in absorbing the Liberal feeling of the country—and betrayed it. The insignificant few who formed the smallest section of the representatives sent to the Assembly in the elections of the spring of 1870 protested against the war last June. M. Thiers and M. Jules Favre were their spokesmen. But the Irreconcilables, who by their numbers might have had an influence, said no word against the war. Since 1851 they have connived at the ruin of their country, and now they have consummated it.

Paris, as a whole, for its political conduct during all this period, is in a very large measure responsible for what has happened, and upon Paris the bitterest punishment has fallen. The future hope of France is in the great, industrious, frugal people outside the cities. They will have to pay the debt, and it should be for them to decree what shall be the form of government and the mode of political regeneration and progress.

OUR LONDON NOTE BOOK.

THE PONIES AT ISLINGTON.

IT has become one of the sights of London to witness the running and jumping of the horses in the ring at the Agricultural Hall once a year. Dense and patient is the crowd of ladies and gentlemen round the ring, on the stand, and in the galleries, watching for hours the coming in of the animals, in sets of classes, to be tried by their riders and to have their points noted by the judges. Men and women and children in England all love horses, and are never tired of watching them. Our greatest festival is a horse race, and there is no show which attracts so many people of every class as an exhibition like that held at Islington this week.

Our artist, who, we may perhaps be permitted to say, is a lady, has given us, on page 193, a picture of the pony that looks as if he were determined at all hazards to be the winner of the first prize. Our fair artist is "great" at ponies, and she is remarkably successful with the rampant little steed in this sketch. It is all life and action, all breed and quality. It goes at the hurdles with a rare pluck, and leaps them "like a bird."

The pony has some advantages over the horse. It is much more hardy, less liable to injury, and, we may add, more happy minded. The horse is often excessively sensitive, and sometimes timid, while the pony is plentifully endowed with pluck and *savoir vivre.* It is mischievous sometimes, but good tempered in its pranks, and seems to enjoy life under almost any circumstances. We are not commissioned to declare that the charming little animal in our picture, so ready for the leap, so certain to captivate the hearts of all the ladies and the children, is a portrait of the winner of the first prize in a class at this year's show at the Agricultural Hall; but we look at him and appeal to our fair readers whether it is likely that anything can carry away from him the honours of the day.

We quote from one of the morning papers that part of the report of the show which refers to the exhibition of ponies in the ring:—

> "In Class B, the Earl of Hopetoun's diminutive pair of ponies, Jack and Jill, injudiciously harnessed to a thing like a ginger-beer cart, a couple of sizes too large for them, bore away the palm. Of Jill we have already spoken; and Jack is Jill's other self. No prettier sight was beheld all day in the ring than these strong and nimble mites, moving their eight tiny legs so fast over the tan that the ginger-beer truck must have been confounded by so novel a pace. A strange pair of Mexican-bred piebald or nearly white ponies, very showy, but somewhat too eccentric for London tastes, received the distinction of an extra prize. These ponies, the property of Mr. Aristides Subervielle, are interesting as the sole surviving remnant of a stud of nineteen horses eaten in Paris during the siege. The ubiquitous Mr. Charles Groucock appeared also in this class with his Tom and Puss; but it was in Class C that, with the same pair harnessed as a tandem, he took another of his prizes."

THE NEWSVENDORS.

What should we do in these days without the newsvendors? For a long time the marvel of the age was the Penny Post, but that institution is in some respects beaten by those who bridge over the chasm between the publisher and the reader. The postal system is a vast Government organisation, so contrived that if one part does not pay another supplies the deficiency. It is a triumph of centralisation. Newsvending, on the other hand, represents enterprise, zeal, patience, untiring industry and punctuality, in a number of private individuals, forming a class of society and no more. They have no privileges, no help, no special advantages. From the nature of the business their profits are small. One would imagine that the trouble taken in leaving a newspaper at our door, or in bringing it to our hand at the railway station, on the steamboat, or in the streets, would be but poorly paid for at the gross price of the article. Instead of that, only a very small fraction goes to the newsvendor. Yet to him in no small degree some of the most popular publications owe their success. He has it in his power to some extent to make or mar the property of the journal; but he performs his business with strict honesty and impartiality, and by his great exertions he annually increases the number of the great body of readers of newspapers, and so promotes the welfare of this great institution of the newspaper press that the influence reacts upon the quality of the production. To the newsvendors, therefore, we owe in some measure the fact not only that the newspaper press prospers, but the still more important fact that it maintains its proud position as the best newspaper press in the world.

We are glad to avail ourselves of the opportunity of giving this week a picture illustrating the annual dinner of the Newsvendors' Benevolent Institution. They are a class who have a strong claim upon the generosity of the public. We have no hesitation in saying that for the service they render us we do not adequately pay them. The fraction they receive is a measure neither of the benefit they confer upon us nor of the trouble they take in performing the work. There is labour of that sort done in society, for the reason that a larger meed of reward would cramp the trade and act injuriously upon consumption and production. But we have it in our power at times to relieve ourselves of the obligation. Here is the occasion: the Newsvendors' Benevolent Institution is established for the relief of such members as stand in need of help, and no one needs to be told that members of this class must want aid from time to time. The society wants funds, as all such associations do—and the more useful and necessary they are, the greater is their need of money. For the reader of daily and weekly newspapers to subscribe to the Newsvendors' Benevolent Institution is but to pay a debt.

CRITICAL CONTROVERSY.

Everybody who gossips about London, its playhouses and its *littérateurs*, has something to say about Mr. Tom Taylor, Mr. Charles Reade, and "Q." of the *Athenæum;* and every London correspondent of a country paper lets his numerous provincial readers into the secret that "Q." is no other than Mr. Thomas Purnell, author of "Literature and its Professors," and "other works of a high character." The latter fact, if it is a fact, may appear important to readers who want to form an opinion, or to seem to have an opinion, upon the merits of the controversy without having seen Mr. Taylor's play and without having read either the criticisms of "Q." or the letter of Mr. Reade. But to the rest it cannot be of the smallest importance whether or not "Q." is the author of "works of a high character," for there really cannot be two opinions about "Q.'s" critiques among impartial persons who have read them. We never heard any one speak of them except as productions of a very inferior character; and for ourselves, we think we never read, in a respectable publication, dramatic critiques so entirely unworthy of the columns in which they appeared. "Q.'s" letters on Mr. Robertson's plays showed him to be so utterly incapable of measuring the conditions of success, or of estimating and defining the quality of dramatic work, that, but for the controversy that has arisen with respect to subsequent articles under the same signature, few people who know anything about the drama and its authors would have taken the trouble to read more than one or two of the letters. We say this quite independently of the merits either of Mr. Taylor's or the late Mr. Robertson's works. It is highly important to the interests of the stage and of dramatic literature that the faults of both should be pointed out. The man who does that with real judgment, acumen, and insight, will perform a great service. But the writer of the letters signed "Q." is quite incompetent to perform the task.

THE ALBERT BRIDGE AT CHELSEA.

Engineering says of the projected Albert Bridge at Chelsea, which, it states, will shortly be constructed:—

> "It will not be the bridge upon the fiddle-string principle which it was intended to construct there some seven months since, and the works of which have actually been proceeded with. Thank heaven and the Battersea Bridge Company, we are not to have a *pons asinorum* across the Thames, at any rate just at present. The Albert Bridge Company must, therefore, attempt to console itself upon having escaped from the consequences which might possibly have ensued had Captain Julius Roberts, R.M.A., C.E., been allowed to proceed with his 'illigant' structure of which he is—or was—so proud. The bridge, if constructed at all, will now be according to the design originally accepted by the company from Mr. R. M. Ordish, and sanctioned by Parliament at the time the Albert Bridge Act was obtained. The company has now a chance of retrieving its misfortunes, and the public may hope to have what is much needed carried out in a *bonâ fide* manner, and upon sound engineering principles."

The real plan, however, is not yet before the public.

WALKS AND NOTES OF AN ENGLISH DOG IN AMERICA.

I FEEL that it is impossible for me to give any thoughtful and well-educated dog in England any idea of the width of the ocean. It was a great wonder to me all the way. I had never seen any water wider than a canal or a duckpond before. I took the world under the sky to be all land; but out upon the sea it seemed all water, and the land only small chips floating upon it. How much I had heard of old England! When I used to lie on the rug by the fire and hear my master and his friends talk about the greatness and glory of England, I thought it was pretty much the whole world; that there could only be a few small pieces of land outside of it. Never did a dog leave his native land with such a sense of its greatness as I did. I was proud of it. I loved its very name. It sounded like the home of the wide world; as if all who were not living in it were people travelling away from home, and would all be glad to get back. I had heard my master say, it is true, that nothing took down a man's notions about his own country like seeing others. But I felt it in my heart to say that, if I saw a hundred, I should stick to my belief that England was not only the happiest but the largest country in the world.

Well, we started from Birmingham, which I was told is the centre of England. And yet, though that great creature drew us on the railroad three times as fast as a horse could run, it was four hours before we reached the sea at Liverpool. Could any country in the world be larger than England, when it took four hours at such speed to travel through one-half of it? But you may think how I felt, after starting off with such notions in my head, when we had been out upon the sea, not four hours, but four days, and not a sign of land to be seen anywhere. It really seemed as if the world was all water, except a few dry spots here and there. We were out on it nearly fifteen days, and our great ship was travelling faster than any horse could do on land. And we seemed to go through a long row of worlds; and a new one every day. Every morning we found ourselves exactly in the middle of one, with the sky shutting down upon it on all sides, like the crystal on your master's watch. It seemed but a little way across it. At first I thought if the floor of it had been land, I could run clean up to the blue wall in half a day. But, fast as our ship pushed on, we never seemed much nearer that wall at night than we did in the morning. The next day we woke up in just such another world, and had just such another race, but all in vain, to reach the western boundary of it. The weather was very warm, and the sea sunny and quiet all the way. I had heard many stories about how it acted when the wind made it angry; and I thought I really should like to see it stirred up into a fury once, and hear its great white-haired waves howl at our ship and run like a pack of dogs at a rhinoceros. I never thought so much on different things in the same space of time on land as I did on the sea. I began to feel what travelling does for one's mind. New ideas came to mine and kept it wide awake all day and most of the night. They even came into my dreams, and I think it quite likely that I talked aloud in my sleep. I began to put this and that together as I never did before, and to make note of things in a new way. I was never tired of looking at the strange people of the steerage. There was a good-sized townful of them; but never did a living town on land have such a set in it at once. Perhaps it is not I that should say it, but it really softened my heart with pity and kindness toward the race of man and womankind, to see what ills they feel that dogs know nothing of. One of the saddest and meanest of these ills, I am sure, must be what they call *sea-sickness*. I assure you, upon my honour as a British dog, that it was not with pride of myself, but with pity for them, that I walked among them on my four legs and looked upon full-grown men and women lying like so many bags of tow along the sides of the deck, with their white, sickly faces turned to the sun. I have seen sick people in their beds who looked as if they had some manhood or womanhood left in them; but these wretched creatures looked as if they had lost it all, and were ashamed to live. Of course, while I felt so sorry for them, I thought how much all sensible dogs should thank their Maker for making their life so comfortable while it lasts. Taking our lives to average ten years each, I am sure we live longer in that space free from sickness, pain, and sorrow, than our masters do in sixty years. At any rate, dogs are free from sea-sickness on their travels, and if you could only see men and women with that upon them, as I did, you would bless your stars, or something better, that you were not one of them, for the time being at least.

Well, after we had been on the ocean about two weeks, without seeing half a dozen ships on the way, I noticed a new kind of stir among the people at both ends of the vessel. They began to look more steadily at the west, as if they expected to see something very new and pleasant. The poor people of the steerage began to put their things together as if they were not to use them much more on board; and I overheard them talk about land. Then I knew they meant America; and my own heart went pit-a-pat at the thought of it. The world was not all ocean after all. Here was my master's country just before us. Could I ever make it dear old England to me? I would try for his sake as well as my own. "To-morrow morning?" "Yes; to-morrow morning you will see it." I overheard these words from one of the sailors to a poor woman who asked him with such wistful eyes and voice. I am sure that few slept any more than I did that night. There was such dancing among the steerage people as we never had before. I tried to guess their thoughts. This was to be their last night on the sea; the last on this deck and in the narrow wooden sleeping boxes below. Where would they all sleep to-morrow night, and the next? These black-haired men in blue frocks, and white-haired women with blue eyes, dancing up and down with arms around each other's waists—would they ever meet again on the land we were going to see in a few hours? Where would they all find homes open to them, and bread to eat and work to do? How could they dance with gladness at the thought of going into a world of strangers, just as if they had lived away from home all their lives long, and were now going back to it? My mind was crowded full of these and other thoughts, half sad and half joyful. I did not wonder that the people in the other, or gentlemen's, end of the ship sang so loud and long. They were sure of happy homes that would welcome them in a few hours—homes in which some of them were born, and all of which would be happier for the sight of their faces. But how could the steerage men, women, and children, who had never stepped foot in the country so near, believe they were all going to such a happy life? What was it that they had heard about America in their own lands that had brought them across the sea to it? I had heard my master talk about it by the hour in England; but, you know, everybody must love his own country best, and really I believe it to be the best in the world. I am sure I do, or did before I left home, and should have been very sad to think I should not feel and believe so wherever I might be called to live.

The next morning the deck, at both ends of the ship, was covered with people, all crowding to the side that looked to the west. The weather was very hot, and the sea smoked like a horse that is driven too fast; so we could see but a little way. The captain had a long thing in his hand like a short gun-barrel, with a glass stopper at the big end of it, and this he put to his eye and pointed into the fog or sea-smoke every few minutes, and passengers would watch him very earnestly and ask him what he saw. By and by people began to point with their fingers over the railing, when dozens would rush up to them and put their hands above their eyes and look and look so eagerly. Then the word *land!* ran from one end of the ship to the other; and many of the men and women of the steerage caught up their children and held their heads above the railing, and pointed with their fingers and said "*land!*" with such a happy voice. It looked at first like broken pieces of dull, heavy cloud that had fallen down on the sea; but every minute they grew larger, thicker, and stronger, and we saw the real clouds floating above them. Yes, it was land in very deed! and here was some of its life coming to meet us and lead us to it. What a joy and even a surprise it was to see once more people who did not belong to our ship! A little vessel, which was no more to our ship than a wren to an eagle, came fluttering out to meet us, with its small white wings doing their best in the air. Our great ship was as glad as we to see the little visitor; it waved a handkerchief toward it as prettily as any lady could do it to a friend. Then it began to walk more slowly as the small vessel came nearer, until it stopped stock still, as if to breathe for a few minutes, after a steady race of fourteen days. Three or four men sprang out of the little vessel into a boat that did not look larger than a kneading-trough, and came dancing over the green waves to us. Now we could see their faces, and they looked as human as any I ever saw on the other side of the ocean. Everybody looked at them with pleasant eyes, as if they were the gate-keepers of America coming to let us in. Soon the boat was under the ship, and I thought it would be crushed like an egg-shell against a mountain. It plunged up and down, sometimes standing straight up on one end, and how the men could keep from falling back into the sea was a wonder. But our ship reached down a hand, or threw a rope to them, and drew them up to its side, when one of the men ran up it like a cat, and our captain took him kindly by the hand, and took him up on his little deck, called the bridge, and stood by the side of him all the rest of the way. And we soon found that this man was to be our guide—to take our ship into the harbour by the right path.

In a few minutes we were going again at the old speed. The land seemed to be coming to meet us as well. The long low cloud, as it first appeared, now hardened up into a mountain. We could see the rocks and trees. Green hills arose up out of the water on both sides. White spots that were scattered about at the feet of the hills came out little by little into white houses, with green window blinds, and gardens running down to the water. These were the first houses to be seen in America. They looked sunny and pleasant, like English homes. How did Americans live in them, I wondered. As the English do? I was soon to know; so I looked at the vessels going in all directions, like a flock of small birds frightened at a hawk. Our great ship was very tender and gentle in its walk, so as not to step on any of them. The sea was soon full of them, and the houses on the land grew thicker and taller into full-sized towns, which looked very white among the trees. By and by we began to see the steeples of a great city, and its red walls and black roofs rising before us like a notchy mountain. And this was New York! This was the great city of America which has made so much talk in the world. Here it is that a hundred common-sized townsful of all sorts of people from Europe are brought and landed every year. Our ship, as it went up the broad river, neighed like a horse that sees his stable and smells the oats after a long journey. Now we were in the midst of vessels of all kinds, many of them such as I did not see at Liverpool. Some looked like long boats, each with a two-story house upon it, that it was carrying off on its back, full of folks sitting at the windows or on the balconies. All the ships touched their hats to ours as they passed, as if they said, "Walk in, cousin; how are you, and how are the old folks at home?" I assure you there were no eyes or ears on board open wider than mine. Here was a great city on each side of the river, as at Liverpool, with hundreds of ships, great and small, tied right to the banks, like so many horses to a fence. I did not see a single stable, with a door and lock and key to it, for one of them. This seemed strange to me; but I thought at the moment that it was one of the free and easy ways of the Americans that I had heard a little of. Perhaps they find it cheaper to tie their ships to a fence than to build good stone stables for them. But I was most surprised to see the flags they wore. Of course—like a true British dog—I had listened to our patriotic songs—to "God Save the Queen," "Rule, Britannia," and "The Roast Beef of Old England," as proudly as any man had ever sung them. I had come to think that the English flag was—or ought to be—seen at least on all the ships that swim the sea, if not upon all the houses on the land. But all these vessels wore a different flag altogether. I wondered where they got the pattern for it; not from anything they could find on the earth, I am sure. There was plenty of red, white, and blue in it, like our glorious old flag; but how differently the colours were mixed! It looked to me like a large apron of striped silk, with one end full of stars. There were nearly forty of them, all of the same size, and one just as bright as another. It is quite clear that the Americans have picked out all the biggest stars for their flag. But as no other country ever went up into the heavens above, except the Turks, for things to put in their flags, the Americans perhaps had the right to take for theirs the brightest stars they could find.

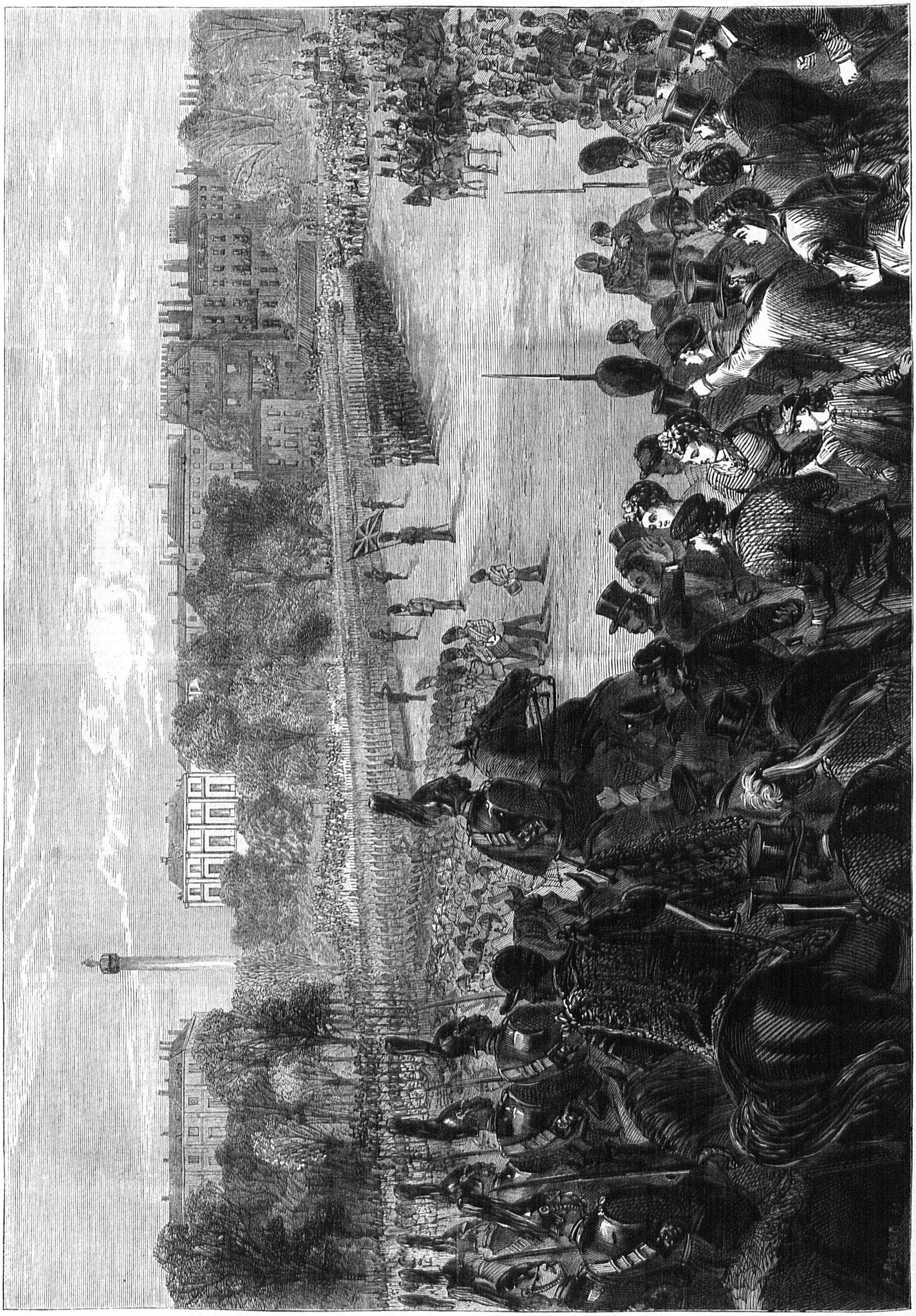
When our ship had gone up a little way into the river between the two cities, it stopped in the middle of it; for it could not go up to its stall at once. A little puffing, fussy vessel came smoking out to us, to take all the people to the shore. What a moment to us all! We had been together so long that it seemed strange to separate now. I had come to know the faces of most of them, and as homely as half of them were, I had begun to feel a kindly interest in them. The after-cabin people went first, and as my good friend the butcher led me down the plank to the tug-boat, I gave way to my feelings, and really kissed his hard, greasy hand for all his kindness to me; and my master thanked him in the old English way as well. In a few minutes we walked on shore. I felt my feet on American ground. I was in the midst of the American land people. I looked at their faces, at their hats, clothes, and shoes, and listened to their voices all in the same breath of time, and compared my first thoughts with the thoughts I left England with. "This country is, then, to be my home for the rest of my life? It is nearer like the old than I thought. I will love it, and be happy in it, for the sake of both," said I on the spot.

'QUIMEAUX.

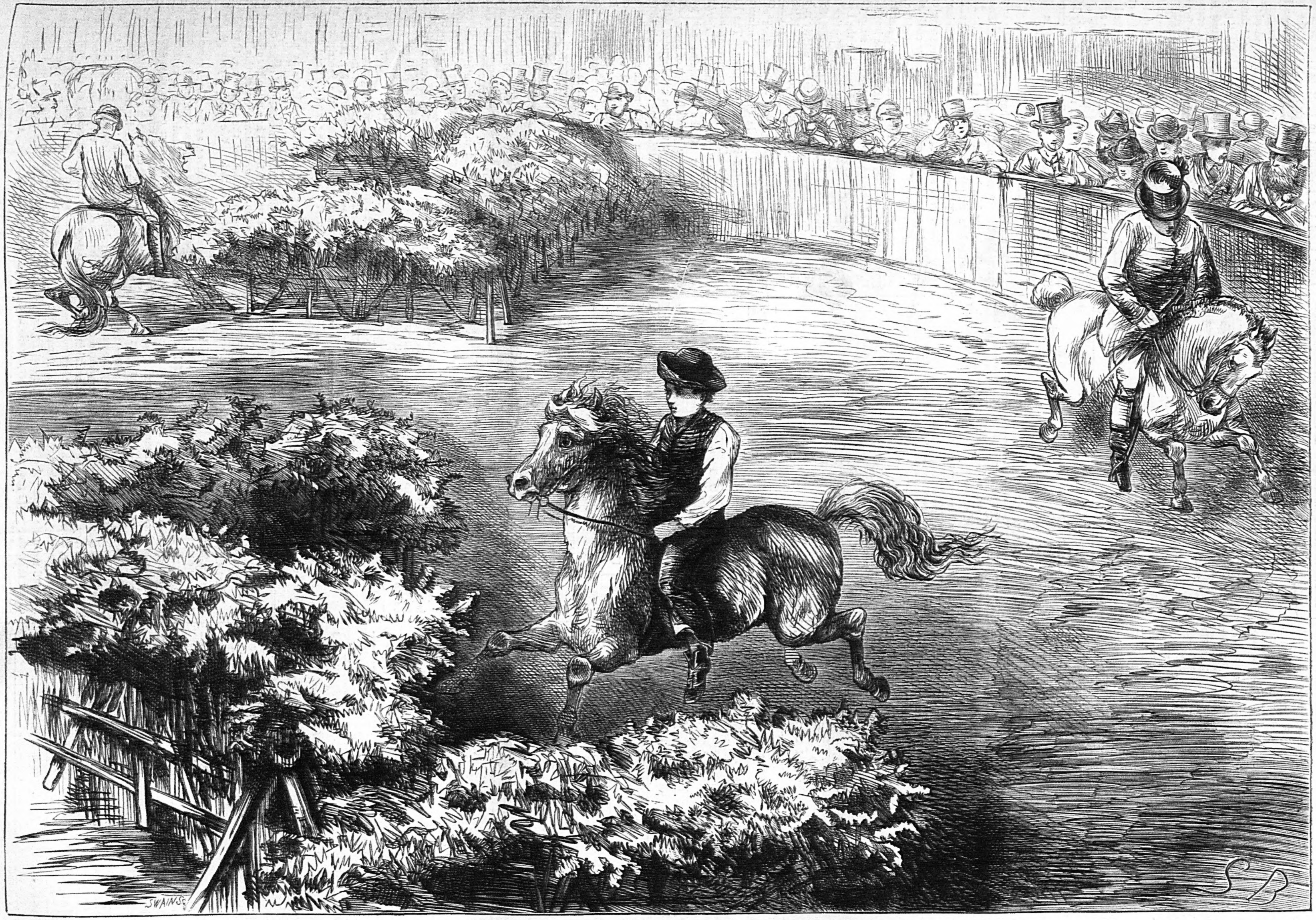
NEWSVENDORS' BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.

ON page 201 will be found a sketch taken at the annual dinner of this society, which was celebrated on Thursday night at the Freemasons' Tavern, when Captain Robert Grosvenor, M.P., presided. Amongst those present were Mr. R. J. Wood, Mr. Terry, Mr. John Francis, Mr. J. W. Francis, Mr. J. W. Bell, Mr. Pickering, Mr. Wootton, Mr. Henry Wilton, Mr. W. T. Hendy, and Mr. Dalziel. The usual loyal toasts having been disposed of, the Chairman, in proposing the toast of "The Army and Navy," said that, although different opinions might be held respecting the future organisation of the former, no feeling but that of gratitude towards it could be felt. Both services were undergoing much alteration, but in time of need he was sure the men of England would always defend the country. In conclusion, he spoke highly of the Militia and also of the Volunteers, who, he said, had sprung up in a time of necessity, and had continued now that the panic was over. Adjutant Montague Thomas having responded in a humorous manner, the Chairman gave the toast of the evening, "Success to the Newsvendors' Benevolent Institution;" and said he was sure it would be received with enthusiasm. He was sorry he could not speak of the society as being in a prosperous state. They could not forget that they had lost, as an association, their best friend. Last year, on the spot which he occupied, proposing the same toast which he now brought before them, stood one who had now passed away—a man who, so long as the English language was spoken, would live by means of his writings in the hearts and memories of all. For Charles Dickens was essentially their friend, and it was right they should regret his loss as irreparable. The best tribute that they now could pay to his memory was to support the institution in which he took such an interest, and one which he loved so well. During the last year, they would be pleased to learn, the financial part of the business had been creditably seen to. The society relied not on its funded capital, which was small, so much as on the yearly income contributed by its friends. It had no building debts—in fact, it had no new buildings at all; so that what would have to be provided for were the claims of those who deserved help. The small reserved funds possessed by the institution, he thought, might perhaps be better invested than in the old and respectable Three per Cents.; but, at any rate, safety was ensured by this arrangement. They owed much to the newsvendors, and he, for one, always took care to keep on the right side of them, as he did not well see what they could do without them. As a body, they were often in need of assistance, and it was in the power of those present to give it. This he felt would be done, and therefore it was with pleasure he proposed the toast which he had announced. The collections were then announced, and amounted to about £400. Various other speeches were made, in which the officers of the society, the Press, and the ladies were thanked for services rendered, and the proceedings terminated with a ball. Mr. Frank Toole kindly gave his services as toastmaster.

"Having been cured of that distressing complaint, *rheumatism*, by the use of your 'Vegetable Pain Killer,' I take pleasure in giving this testimonial. I have used it also for colds, coughs, neuralgia, &c., and consider it a most useful and valuable 'family medicine.' JOHN NEASON, *Farmer, Besley*.
"*Birmingham, June 3rd*, 1869.
"To Perry Davis & Son, London, W.C."



THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY: TROOPING THE COLOURS IN ST. JAMES'S PARK.



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CHAPTER III.—THE DEAN'S YOUNGEST DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER IV.—MY FATHER'S STUDIO.

CHAPTER V.—"AN UNDYING PERFUME."

CHAPTER VI.—IN HER PRESENCE.

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THE ROYAL WEDDING PICTURE.

Many applications having been made from the country for extra copies of this work for framing, arrangements have been made for posting the Plates carefully rolled on wood (to prevent creasing), on receipt of Sixpence in postage stamps.

PORTRAITS OF THE PRINCESS LOUISE AND THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

A few copies of our Tinted Lithographic Supplement, issued in March, can still be had on application to the Publisher, price Sixpence, including an ordinary number of the Paper, or on Rollers, price 6d.

THE Illustrated NEWSPAPER

LONDON, JUNE 3, 1871.

WHILE England was celebrating the feast of Epsom last week, Paris was in flames. The conflagration has gone on during our Whitsuntide holiday. Our streets have been filled with crowds of peaceful citizens "resting from their labours." Paris has been one vast scene of murder. Fifty thousand dead and dying have filled her streets and cellars. The city has been given over to the devil. If the Communists deserved no quarter, the Versailles troops have certainly shown them none. Old men and women have been butchered at the corner of every street. The women, as usual in Paris revolutions, have forgotten their sex, and it has not been remembered by the victors. A reign of terror has afflicted the once beautiful city, and even now the days of her misfortunes are not ended. The story reads like a narrative of Divine judgment upon some unholy city of past days. Is England applying the moral of the terrible tragedy? It occurs to the *Times*, writing of the Tuileries and the Louvre, to ask if our British Museum is fireproof. Is the nation fireproof? That should be the great question of the hour.

THE insurrection in Paris is suppressed. The red flag has fallen amid fire and bloodshed. A fourth part of Paris is in ruins. The dead have lain about in all her streets. One morning this week 150 bodies were counted lying upon the pavement in front of the New Opera House. Thirty more were taken from behind the barricade at the Palais Royal. The Versailles troops have shown themselves as bloodthirsty as the Communists. They have shot down men and women by hundreds. The horrors of St. Bartholomew have been repeated throughout the wretched city. M. THIERS calls this "glory." It is questionable whether history will justify the acts of the National Assembly. As for the Commune, it has been a wretched and contemptible failure from the beginning. Founded on atheism, selfishness, and robbery, its end has been simply madness—the insanity of ignorant, degraded men, driven to bay at last by an unwise and egotistical Government. The murder of the Archbishop of Paris and the other hostages in the hands of the Communists will be a tale of horror for ages to come; but the cowardice and utter incapacity of the Government which allowed the rebels to fortify Montmartre and take possession of Paris will be a standing illustration of the failure of Republicanism in these modern days.

COMMUNISM and petroleum have swept away some of the noblest monuments not only of Paris but of Europe. The Tuileries is a heap of blackened ruins. The *Times* says the late Emperor wished very much to rebuild the façade of the Tuileries. The wing along the Seine was lately rebuilt with such solidity and such massive cross walls that it was hard to understand how fire could affect it. Some people will be reconciled to the loss of the new buildings connecting the Louvre and the Tuileries on the grounds of pure taste, but the *Times* says the loss of the Great Court of the Louvre would have been simply irreparable. It is some consolation to know that the Louvre is comparatively uninjured. The Palais de Justice is no more, and that most exquisite work of Gothic art, Sainte Chapelle, is, if not altogether destroyed, utterly ruined. The Luxembourg is partly blown up, and the Hôtel de Ville is burnt to the ground. The Palais Royal has also succumbed, in company with the public offices on the north side of the Place de la Concorde. Communism has not even respected its own traditions. The Hôtel de Ville was the seat of its own Government, and the Palais Royal was the "great monument of *égalité*." The exquisite columns of the Madeleine are partly destroyed, as are also the grand façades of the Chamber of Deputies. Let us hope that the catalogue of destruction will be completed this week. We vainly thought the end had arrived when Paris made peace with Germany. Her troubles, it seemed, had only then commenced. Now that Versailles has established itself amongst the ruins of an Empire, we may still be far from the end of this terrible chapter in history.

WE are glad to see that Whitsuntide "treats to school children" are largely on the increase. The Ragged School Committees and others are annually exerting themselves to secure this season as a pleasant holiday for the poorer children of the nation. Whitsuntide is annually becoming more important amongst the children in Sunday schools, and more particularly in country districts. On Tuesday one of the greatest gatherings in the northern districts was held at Halifax. We shall publish an illustration of the scene in our next number.

AUBER.

THE portrait which we this week engrave of the illustrious composer is taken by permission from an engraving which Auber himself presented to Mr. Harris, of the Covent Garden Opera House. The inscription at the foot is in Auber's own writing, and we have copied it in fac-simile.

Amongst the painful news from Paris is a statement that the body of Auber, awaiting sepulture, has been thrown into a ditch with a number of other corpses by the Communists, and that it has since been buried without recognition. No confirmation of this intelligence has been received, but, at the same time, the news has not been contradicted. We can only hope that the story is not true.

The death of M. Auber, as the *Times* remarked in its biographical sketch, surprised no one, however much it might affect many. Judged from a musical point of view, the representative man of his day, and, under no matter what circumstances considered, the most richly endowed and greatest of French composers, Auber has played a conspicuous part in the art history of his country. He who wrote "La Muette de Portici" ("Masaniello") was neither more nor less than the French Rossini, and in very many respects may be looked upon as quite the equal of that extraordinary genius. At any other time than the present the death of such a man would have created as much excitement in Paris as was created by the death of Rossini, three years ago. But now Auber passes away almost unnoticed by his countrymen, to whose edification and delight he has ministered for upwards of half a century. He has died, however, full of years and of glory. Auber had attained his thirty-first year before making his first semi-abortive attempt — forerunner of a series of successes which no other French composer, and indeed no other composer of any country—Rossini, the Italian, alone excepted — has equalled.

"Le Séjour Militaire," a one-act opera, produced in 1813, at the Théâtre Feydeau, was a failure; nor was the "Testament et les Billets-doux," given six years later, when circumstances had compelled the young amateur to employ that talent as a means of existence which had previously been exercised as nothing else than an amusement, more fortunate. But, the year after, Auber gave "La Bergère Chatelaine," at the Opéra Comique; and this genial and charming work was the commencement of his afterwards brilliant career. "La Bergère" was followed in rapid succession by eight other operas, the last of which, "Fiorella," was brought out in 1826. Among these eight operas we may point to "La Neige," "Léocadie," and "Le Maçon," as all—the "Maçon" especially—likely to endure. From 1826 to the beginning of 1828 Auber was silent; but in the early spring of 1828 he composed—not now for the Opéra Comique, but for the great stage of the Académie Royale de Musique—the opera upon which, bearing in recollection all his other masterpieces, his repute is chiefly based. We refer to "La Muette de Portici," known in England, where, for forty years, it has been even more popular than in France, as "Masaniello." This magnificent work, which, with its gorgeous wealth of melody, its piquant and varied harmony, its superb orchestral and its vivid "local colouring," may, although less elaborately conceived, and not aiming at so high a mark, be put side by side with "Guillaume Tell," at once placed its composer on the pinnacle of fame. Many and admirable as were the works that came afterwards from the brain of its prolific and untiring author, not one has surpassed, if any, indeed, has equalled it. It was brought out on the 29th of February, 1828, when Auber was in his forty-seventh year. The book, one of the best of its kind, was not written, as some have stated, by Scribe and Germain Delavigne, but by Scribe and Mélesville. This, however, matters little; the music alone would suffice to make the opera immortal.

The fame of Auber is almost, if not quite, as much English as French. From the time that an English version of "La Muette" was introduced in London, under the title of "Masaniello," about a year later than its production in Paris, work after work by this wonderfully gifted composer has been essayed at our English theatres. We have had, for example, "La Fiancée," "Fra Diavolo," the "Philtre" (on the same subject as Donizetti's "Elisir d'Amore"), the "Maid of Cashmere" ("Le Dieu et la Bayadère"), "Gustave III.," the "Coiners" ("Le Serment"), "Lestocq," the "Ambassadress," the "Siren," the "Crown Diamonds," the "Black Domino," "Haydée," "Marco Spada," &c. Auber, indeed, though a foreigner, has done more for our lyric stage than Bishop, Loder, Balfe, Wallace, Macfarren, or any native composer. His melodies are as familiar to us as household words, being of such a stamp that, like some of our own English, Irish, Welsh, and Scottish tunes, they can never grow stale, and are endowed with perennial freshness.

Auber, who began so late as a dramatic composer, made up for this tardiness by writing operas at an age when it might be fairly imagined that his invention must have been dried up. Altogether he has given between forty and fifty operas, the last but one of which, "Le Premier Jour de Bonheur," although written at the age of eighty-six, is as remarkable for spontaneity as many of the happiest inspirations of his prime. His final opera was "Rêve d'Amour," produced at the Opéra Comique on the 20th of December, 1859, about a year later than the "Premier Jour de Bonheur." Between "La Fiancée du Roi de Garbe," given at the same theatre, and "Le Premier Jour de Bonheur," the octogenarian composer had allowed himself four years of rest; hence, no doubt, the singular freshness of his penultimate essay, the success of which induced him too eagerly and hastily to set to work again. "Rêve d'Amour," which is the last, is the weakest of all its composer's dramatic works.

Auber was born, according to some authorities, in 1784, according to others in 1782. It has been vouchsafed to few of his class to see so much, and at the same time to pass a life so unchequered amid vicissitudes which influenced more or less all around him. As a man, independently of his artistic claims, he was wonderfully popular. No less witty than his contemporary and idol, Rossini, a bust of whom was in every room in his house, Auber was at the same time no less amiable and fascinating; and it may be said without fear of contradiction that he died universally regretted. Only seven years ago visitors to Paris might have seen, day after day, at certain specified hours, taking their "constitutional" walk on the Boulevard des Italiens, the three greatest dramatic composers of the age—Meyerbeer, Rossini, and Auber. Now all are gone. Meyerbeer died in 1864, Rossini in 1868, and Auber ("last of the giants") only the other day. *Requiescant in pace!* It may be long before their equals are found, long before we have another "Huguenots," another "Guillaume Tell," another "Masaniello."

BUYING FLOWERS AT COVENT GARDEN.

Let us loosen our nerves awhile and turn our eyes from bricks and mortar to the "grené shawe." Let us forget the horrors of Paris and the brutes who call themselves Communists for a more quiet theme—just for a word or two about our sketch on the front page. Our artist has done well; he was passing, and saw this group. They are sketched from life, buying flowers at Covent Garden Market. One might write a pretty story about a flower; how it budded and bloomed in some quiet and quaint rural spot; how it was plucked and taken in a market cart to London; how it became faint at the noise and bustle and smoke of the big city, and how it was packed with a lot of other flowers that it never saw before; how it was bound and squeezed, gradually breathing its sweet life away, with no mother earth to give it new life and make its leaves to grow; how it sank exhausted; and how the rough stall-keepers revived it with water. If a flower be sensitive, life must be a more difficult problem to it than to ourselves. Trace the career of a rose in London. It may be carried about by a flower girl, sold to a young man who breathes tobacco smoke in its face, its delicate neck is pulled through a hole in his coat, it is paraded through the parks and public walks, and admired by strange living things; it goes to an office of books and papers, it is presented to a lady in the evening and goes to a new home, it is placed carefully in a nest of lace on a fair young damsel's delicate powdered bosom, and driven in a carriage to a hot theatre where there are many other flowers sitting on the heads and lolling about the big, living, moving mortals; the rose is looked at through glasses, thrown over the heads of men who are playing on fiddles, and falls, dazed and frightened, before a blaze of light, on boards surrounded with paint and mystery; then another lady takes up the rose and dances with it. Still the rose should be happy; how they must love it! But its tiny nerves will stand no more. It faints and dies. But the dancing lady takes it home—yes, she takes it home—kisses it, and when the morning comes she opens the window to let in the fresh air and throw the rose into the street.

Covent Garden Market in spring and summer is very attractive. All the flowers in season or out of season may be had there for money, and an important business is done in this way. There are growers for Covent Garden in all parts of the country, who send up their wares at fixed prices. Holiday people who come from the country make a point of seeing Covent Garden, and it is indeed a pleasant lounge. You may amuse yourself there by looking at the fruit and flowers, or in buying them or watching other people buy, as our artist has done. The noise of carts going to market with their country produce begins very early in the morning; and the amount of business done is in proportion to the noise of traffic. We would advise our country friends who would like to get up early in the morning and see Covent Garden as it should be seen, to sleep at an adjacent hotel, by which means they will get a very lively prologue, and it will not be necessary for the waiter to call them.

TROOPING THE COLOURS.

On Her Majesty's birthday the household troops were paraded during the morning in front of the Horse Guards, and the Park and Tower guns were fired. Salutes were fired in the Windsor Great Park, and the troops in garrison there paraded in review order.

There was also in honour of the occasion a general review of the Woolwich garrison and march past on Woolwich Common, in the presence of His Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief and a brilliant staff. In the evening there was an illumination of many of the principal public buildings, theatres, and club-houses, and by most of the principal Royal tradesmen at the West-end and in the City; and a large concourse of persons thronged the West-end to witness them till a late hour at night.

The annual ceremony of "trooping the colours" of the Household Brigade in honour of the day was performed on the parade-ground in front of the Horse Guards, St. James's Park, and attracted a large number of spectators. The Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, Prince Teck, and Prince Troubetzky were present. We give an illustration of the ceremony on another page.

The Earl of Bessborough, Lord Steward of the Household; Viscount Sydney, G.C.B., Lord Chamberlain; the Marquis of Ailesbury, K.G., Master of the Horse; the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, First Lord of the Treasury; the Right Hon. H. A. Bruce, Home Secretary; Earl Granville, Foreign Secretary; the Right Hon. E. Cardwell, Secretary for War; the Duke of Argyll, Secretary of State for India; and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, had dinner parties on Saturday evening in celebration of the Queen's birthday. After the Premier's State dinner Mrs. Gladstone had an evening party at Carlton-house-terrace. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, His Highness Prince John of Glücksburg, and His Serene Highness the Prince of Teck honoured Mrs. Gladstone with their presence. Among the general circle present were the various representatives of foreign Courts and many distinguished visitors.

A large party of Her Majesty's tradesmen held their annual dinner in the evening at the Freemasons' Tavern in honour of the day. The Honourable Artillery Company observed the day in a special manner. Early in the day the regiment, including infantry, cavalry, and artillery, assembled in large numbers on the drill-ground, Finsbury, and performed a series of evolutions, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Loyd Lindsay, V.C., M.P., and in the presence of a numerous body of spectators, of whom a considerable portion were ladies. In the evening about 250 members of the corps dined together in the drill shed, under the presidency of Colonel Lindsay.

EVACUATION OF FORT VANVES.

Grand Montrouge, May 15, 1871.

The troops of Versailles resolutely attack the redoubt of Hautes Bruyères, which covers the two forts of Bicêtre and Ivry. By surprise they have been able to threaten Bicêtre and to gain admittance into the redoubt of Moulin Saquet. These *coups de main*, of which the Prussians never dreamt, are only efficacious in guerilla warfare. It is only in these miserable wars, in which the combatants are as furious as the litigants in a family quarrel, that disasters such as the surprise of Moulin Saquet, the evacuation of Issy, the burning of the barracks of Fort Vanves, the explosion of the cartridge factory at Plaisance, and, finally, the evacuation of Fort Vanves, of which the papers have given tardy and incomplete accounts, can occur.

The Versailles despatches are in this respect very inaccurate, whilst those from Paris are silent. Nevertheless, the news of the evacuation was known in Paris on Saturday evening. The workmen at the trenches of the Catacombs, the quarrymen, the workmen on the fortifications, had spread the news, but they were unable to give the details. M. Auguste Cholley was the first to discover the National Guards in those subterranean passages, and by his exertions nearly all have been rescued.

At six o'clock on Saturday evening Cholley and his companions, taking with them their tools, revolvers, and candles, entered the Catacombs from Montrouge to go to their work. Leaving the fort of Montrouge on their left, they directed their steps towards Vanves. About ten or eleven o'clock they met the first group of eighty or one hundred men, among whom was a lieutenant, who proved to be the consort of the commandant. This young woman had fired the cannons, pointing them with great precision, and had assisted in the struggle for Fort Vanves during its last days.

Cholley found these men without light, lying down in the mud, and suffering from cold and hunger. Distributing the candles amongst them, he led them to a place of safety. Accompanied by a seaman and armed with his revolver and cartridges and candles, Cholley retraced his steps about half-past twelve. Soon a vague odour of gunpowder, tar, and smoke stifled them, and to avoid surprise, and fearing a Versaillais ambush, they stopped. At last, they found a second group still more numerous —200 at least. These poor fellows—half drowned in the stagnant waters of the quarries, and covered with plaster and rubbish—found fresh strength in the hope of safety, and in their gratitude they embraced their deliverers and knew not how to express their joy. Candles were then distributed to them, and they took the subterranean road to Fort Montrouge. The sharp night air so overcame them that they had to rest a long time before it was possible to obtain any details of the evacuation of the fort.

Cholley in the meantime remembered, from information given him by the men he had saved, that some National Guards might still be remaining under the fort. He then returned to the road which, traversing the plain to the right, leads to the Catacombs. Arrived near the fort, he could hear the stifled groans of men gathered together in the thick shadows. He hailed them, and having recognised them, lit the torches, and they traversed the length of the winding passages until they came to the light of the stars under the calm sky of the night. There were cantinières and ambulancières, and the greatest care was bestowed on the National Guards.

That is the group which passed along the bank of the Maine yesterday (Sunday) during the review of the Fourteenth Legion. There is no care which has not been lavished on these poor soldiers, whom their cause has betrayed. We remember one poor wounded fellow, crawling along with his eyes full of tears. An ambulancière who supported him told us that this poor boy was at the fort with his brother, when a shell killed his brother at his side, wounding him at the same time. Wounded, he would have remained with his dead brother, and they were obliged to carry him away.

Another group arrived about nine in the evening. Cholley did not return home till he believed all were saved; but it is presumed that there are still many wounded, killed, or lost, either in the fort or underground, where search is still being made.

The battalions which evacuated Vanves in these dreadful circumstances are the 105th, 187th, and 262nd, but the effective strength of the last was reduced to 100 men at the most. The remainder of the National Guards escaped by the trenches.

The commandant of Fort Vanves has been arrested to-day. His consort, who has conducted herself nobly and courageously throughout, has asked to be arrested also.

The evacuation of Vanves introduces an entirely new military phase in the investment of Paris by the Versailles troops.

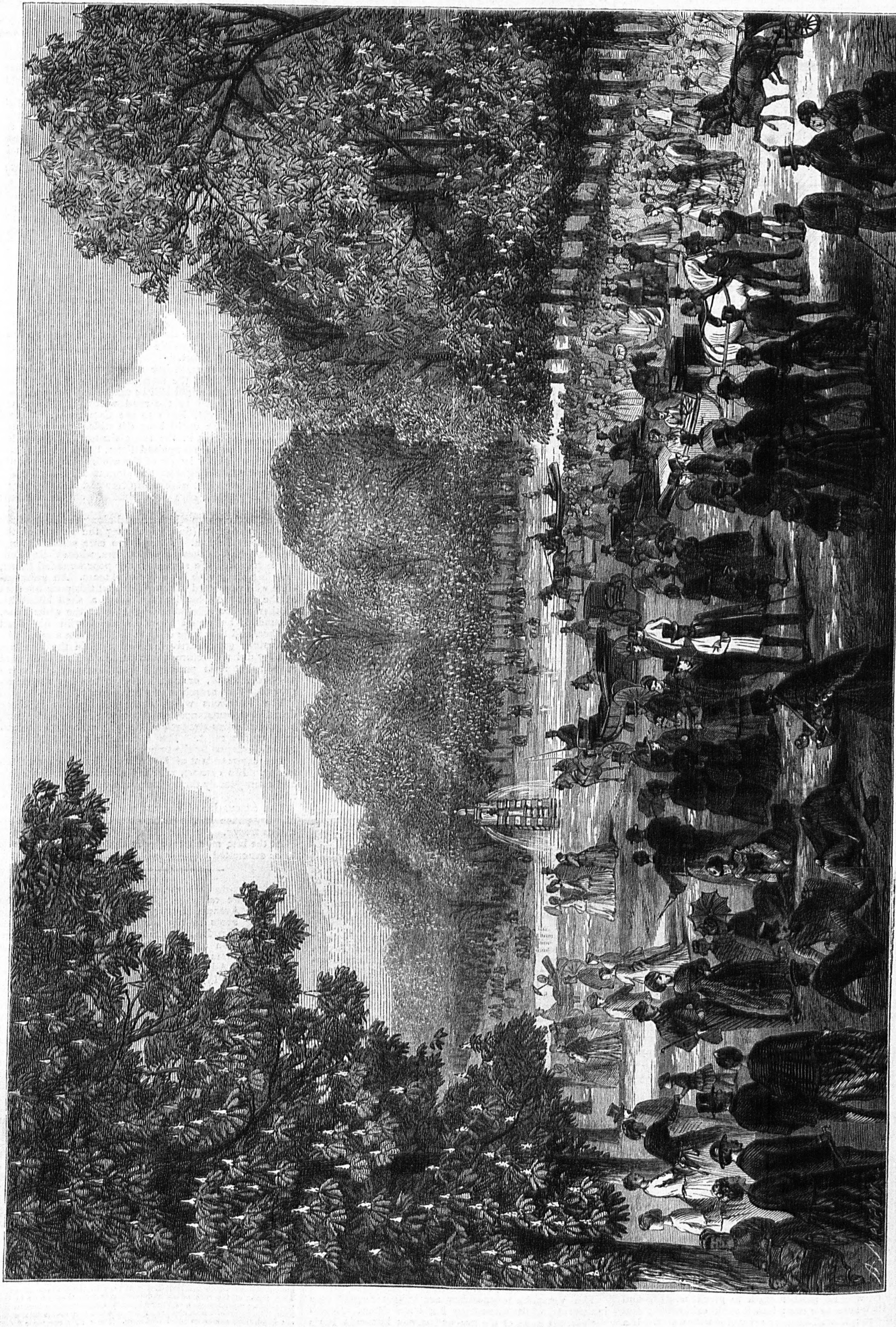
At the last moment we hear that Fort Montrouge is to be evacuated.

BUSHEY PARK.

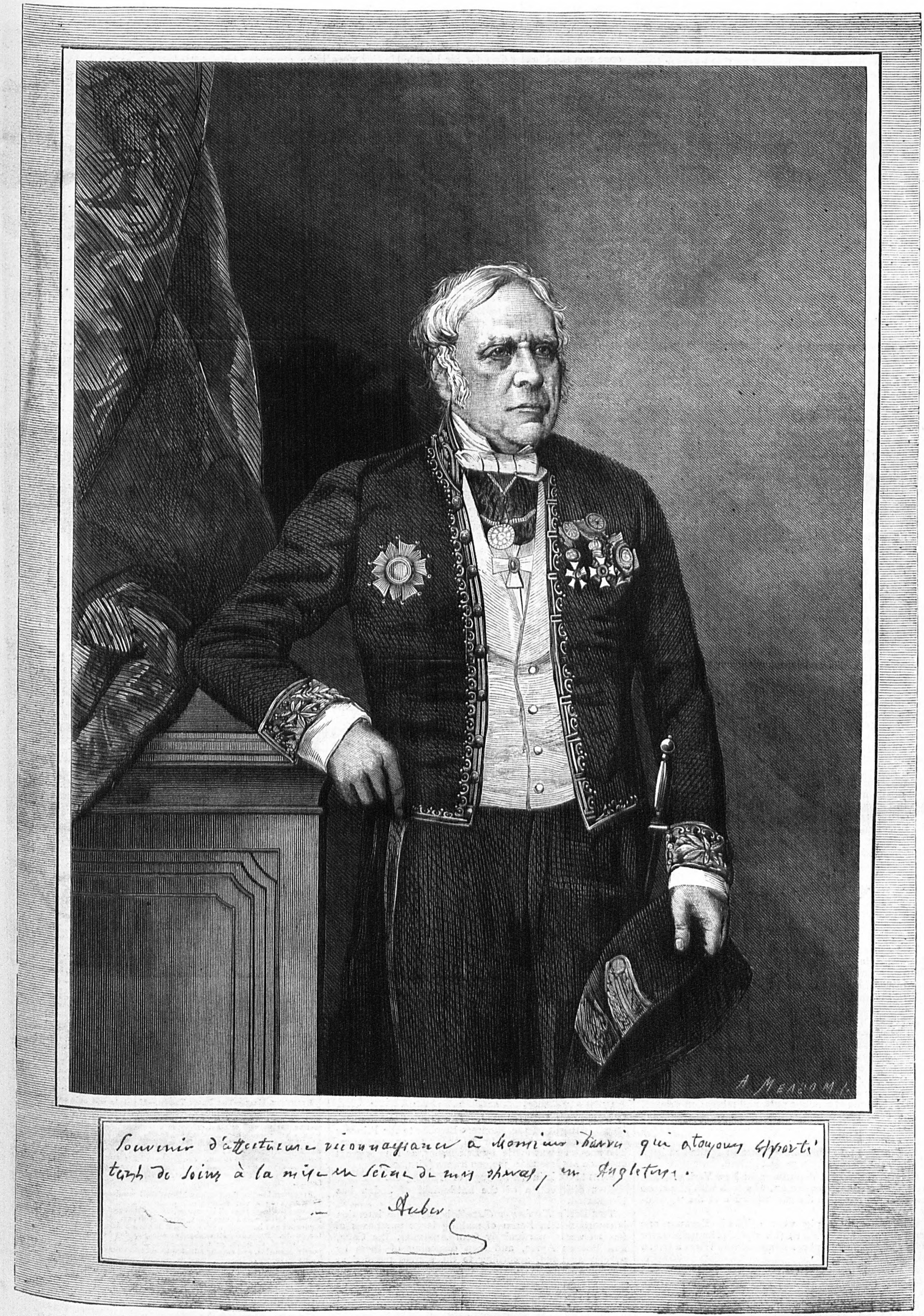
Our picture on page 196 gives a fine view of the Chestnut Avenue, Bushey Park, one of the most charming spots in the world. It is about thirteen miles from London, situated between the quiet village of Teddington and the gardens of Hampton Court Palace. The mansion, which was the residence of the late Queen Adelaide some years after the death of King William IV., does not attract much public attention, but the chestnut avenue, running through the park, is always a favourite resort in the summer months. The public are allowed to pass through free either in carriages, on horseback, or on foot. The flower and foliage of the chestnut tree are very beautiful, and we do not believe there is a finer display in England than at Bushey Park. If our London readers have not an opportunity of walking under the chestnut blossom at Bushey Park, they may console themselves somewhat in Regent's Park, where there is also a good display. The clay soil of Regent's Park, however, will not grow the tree to perfection, being more suitable for the plane tree or sycamore.

But besides the trees there is at Bushey Park pure air, and a fine sweep of open country on all sides, with the Thames flowing pleasantly between green banks fringed with meadows. Here you may either stroll in the sun or "do" a quiet luncheon in the shade, or you may take your ease at one of the country inns and forget all about London and smoke. Reader, if you have not been to Bushey Park we advise you to go at once before the blossom is entirely faded.

Holloway's Pills.—Good Digestion.—Holloway's Pills are universally acknowledged to be the safest, speediest, and best corrective for indigestion; loss of appetite, acidity, flatulence, and nausea are but a few of the inconveniences which are remedied with ease by these purifying Pills. They strike at the root of all abdominal ailments, they excite in the stomach a proper secretion of gastric juice, and regulate the action of the liver, thereby promoting a copious supply of pure, wholesome bile, without which there can be no good digestion. These Pills remove all distention and obstruction, and from their harmless composition are peculiarly well adapted for delicate persons and young children; whilst casting out impurities they strengthen the system and give muscular tone.



THE CHESTNUT AVENUE, BUSHEY PARK.



Souvenir d'affectueuse reconnaissance à Monsieur Harris qui a toujours apporté tant de soins à la mise en scène de mes opéras, en Angleterre.

Auber

PORTRAIT OF AUBER: FROM AN ENGRAVING PRESENTED BY THE COMPOSER TO MR. HARRIS, OF COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A Duluth paper says one of the streams running into Lake Superior, from the North, is called "Temperance River," because it is the only one of all the tributaries of the lake that has no bar at its mouth.

There is to be a cat show at the Crystal Palace on the 13th of July. It will be the first that has ever been held. We hope our readers who make up their minds to go will read Josh Billings's remarks on cats.

In Boston they show as a curiosity the death warrant of one of the Salem witches. The return of her execution, endorsed on its back, illustrates the spirit of the times. The sheriff at first wrote that he hung her until she was dead and buried, but a subsequent pen-stroke erased the last words.

Titnes Park, at Sunninghill, near Windsor, the seat of the Earl of Yarborough, has been taken for the Prince of Wales for Ascot race week.

Prince Arthur has signified his intention to be present at a grand ball, to be given by the Lady Mayoress, at the Mansion House, on Tuesday, June 13th.

The thirty-ninth anniversary festival of the United Law Clerks' Society will take place on Wednesday, the 7th of June, Lord Justice Mellish in the chair.

The anniversary meeting of the charity children of London at St. Paul's Cathedral is fixed for Thursday, the 8th of June. The Bishop of Norwich will preach.

Orders have been received at Chatham garrison from the Horse Guards, directing that for the future recruits for all Indian regiments are not to be enlisted under twenty years of age.

The *Broad Arrow* says there is a report at the clubs that Mr. Goschen is likely to retire from the post of First Lord of the Admiralty, and succeed Mr. Lowe as Chancellor of the Exchequer.

An English bronze nine-pounder muzzle-loading gun has been presented to the Prussian Government, and the Emperor of Germany has presented in return a Krupp horse artillery steel gun.

The origin of the puzzling words "Rotten Row," is not, as might have been supposed, a row in a rotten and bad condition for horse and man, but *Route en Roi*—the King's-road.

The *John Bull* hears that, in all probability, the Government will refer the licensing question to a Royal Commission.

The writer of "Chit-Chat," in *John Bull*, understands that "at one of three weddings which recently took place at St. James's, Piccadilly, one of the numerous pretty bridesmaids assisting received a proposal in the church and accepted it."

A mountain of salt, of a purity which is said to be unequalled by any other natural source of supply, has been discovered in the island of San Domingo. The salt is stated to contain ninety-eight per cent. of pure saline matter, and is of crystal clearness.

Miss Gunther, recently married to Mr. Gray of New York, received among her wedding presents a cheque for twenty thousand dollars.

An artful dodge to avoid service on juries is reported from America. When a case is about to be tried, upon which an unwilling juryman is likely to be summoned to sit, he immediately states his very decided opinion of its merits in a letter to the papers before it comes off. He is then marked as a prejudiced juror, and of course cannot be accepted.

In Limerick gaol yard a skeleton has been found eighteen inches below the surface. Appearances suggest death from violence, but the skeleton must have lain in the yard thirty years.

Notre-Dame University, Iowa, has a professor of the Irish language.

Positive proof has been received that the Earl of Aberdeen was drowned while acting as mate of an American vessel, under an assumed name, a year or two ago.

It is stated that Hooton Hall, near Chester, the late residence of Mr. R. C. Naylor, a Cheshire magistrate, has been purchased by the ex-Emperor Napoleon. In his younger days, Louis Napoleon was a guest at Hooton Hall.

The *Observer* contradicts the rumour that there is an idea of placing the Mint on the Thames Embankment. The site which the Government proposes to adopt for a new Mint is, it states, in Temple-lane.

The Freemasons of Warwickshire are raising a fund to purchase a lifeboat, to be called the *Lord Leigh*.

A portion of the town of Bradford in Canada has been burnt down.

A magnificent collection of sponges from South Africa, many of them new to science, has recently been added to the zoological collection of the British Museum.

A sum of £2,000 has been bequeathed by Mr. James Heysham, of Carlisle, to the Town Council of that city, for the purchase of a public park and recreation ground. It has been stated that, through an informality, the bequest is void, and the Council have resolved to take legal advice on the subject.

The attempt to cultivate oysters in Malta has been officially declared to be a perfect failure.

Among the recent departures for New York was Mr. Holt, an American gentleman, who took with him 4,000 sparrows to assist in the extermination of the "green-fly."

Why does not a pig wear collars?—Because one generally sees him in his tie (his stye). (The perpetrator of this joke (?) has just been admitted into Winson Green Asylum.)

A salmon measuring fifty inches in length and weighing forty-seven pounds was lately caught in the Tay.

A report submitted to the Assembly of the Established Church of Scotland estimates the members of the Church at 436,147, and the "adherents" at 1,017,667.

Advices from New York report three vessels from England detained at quarantine for small pox.

The Bishop of Chester has formally admitted a lady to the office of deaconess at a service in his lordship's private chapel at Deeside.

Fun thinks Wells is the best jockey in England. "He once won the Chester Cup for Sir Joseph Hawley when he had only an As-te-roid."

It is proposed to embody in a private bill the clauses in the rating bill which abolished the exemption of Government property.

A curacy is advertised in the ecclesiastical newspapers as being vacant in Clifton, with the attractive announcement "No poor. Duties light."

The first sod of the Whitby, Lofthouse, and Middlesbro' Railway was turned on Thursday by the Dowager Marchioness of Normanby, at Landsend. There was a luncheon afterwards, presided over by Lord William Montague Hay.

The American man-of-war *Worcester* has just arrived in the Mersey, where she has discharged a cargo of provisions from the United States for the distressed French.

The *Watchman*, in reviewing a poem, says "A Chorus of Canaanites reminds one *rather too much Greek of plays to be pleasant*," and then complains that a misprint in the book has escaped revision.

The population of London is 3,258,469, being an increase in the ten years of 447,815.

Fifteen deaths from measles occurred on the homeward voyage of Her Majesty's Indian troop-ship *Euphrates*, which has just arrived at Plymouth.

The American press express satisfaction at the ratification of the treaty of Washington by the Senate.

The "women of Ireland" are subscribing a fund for the Pope—£2,000 has already been collected in small contributions. An address to accompany the gift is being signed.

Workmen are now actively engaged in completing all work at the repairing basin and the docks of the Chatham Dockyard extension works at St. Mary's Island, ready for the public opening in a day or two.

In July the Crown Princess of Prussia will publish a volume on "Female Labour."

There is an improvement in the Birmingham iron trade, and the number of firms making full time is on the increase.

The Government intend to bring forward a bill giving them power to purchase land for enlarging Brixton prison.

The House of Lords will proceed to the further consideration of the University Tests Bill on Tuesday, the 13th of June.

O'Donovan Rossa has been appointed an emigration agent, at New York, for a line of Liverpool vessels.

It is reported that a portion of Buckingham Palace is about to be set apart as a town residence for the Marquis and Marchioness of Lorne.

The Queen's birthday was observed as a general holiday throughout Canada. In the London celebrations there was a decided falling off.

A special pension of £400 a year has been granted to the widow of the late Sir Henry Durand, by the Secretary of State for India in Council.

The *Athenæum* says Mr. Edmund Yates is to write the next serial story in *All the Year Round*. Its title will be "Castaway."

A traveller, we are told, being in a wild country where he could find no provisions for himself or dog, cut off the dog's tail and boiled it for his own supper, and gave the dog the bone.

After the London season Patti is going to Homburg, where she will receive £1,600 for ten performances. She will be accompanied by Trebelli.

The English Government arrangement for the compensation of the seven vessels requisitioned by the Prussians, and sunk in the Seine in December last, has not been accepted by the owners at Sunderland.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. Hugo Meynell Ingram, M.P. for West Staffordshire. The hon. gentleman was the only son of Mr. Hugo Charles Meynell Ingram, of Temple Newsum, Yorkshire, and was married to a daughter of Viscount Halifax. The deceased member was a Conservative.

A despatch in the *Standard* says:—"A disaster has been averted by the timely discovery that the bridge across the Moselle at Ars was mined. The Prussian engineers unloaded 7 cwt. of gunpowder from the mine."

The *Annan Observer* says:—"When Mr. Irving Rae, Newton, was fishing for trout the other night, in Kirtle water, a young fox—perhaps in quest of a bait—was, by a sweep of the line, caught in the ear by the fish-hook, and thus captured."

While diamonds are increasing in value pearls seem to be somewhat depreciated. The famous pearl necklace bridal gift of the Empress Eugénie to the Princess Anna Murat has been sold in London for 90,000 francs. The necklace was made by Lemonnier, and its original cost was not less than 300,000 francs (£12,000).

Smallpox is in the borough of Warrington.

The disinfection of the battle-field of Sedan has terminated.

The Berlin *Exchange Gazette* believes the intention is entertained in Berlin of making large purchases of foreign wools, particularly from Australia, the Cape, and Buenos Ayres, and then disposing of them by regular auctions, according to the system pursued at London and Antwerp.

The German papers declare the strikes among the German workmen to be supported by the funds of English trade unions. The *Deutsche Reichs-Correspondenz* states that official investigations prove this to be a fact.

The Earl of Lichfield has accepted the presidency for the ensuing year of the Cabdrivers' Benevolent Association.

The railway to the Righi Culm has been opened as far as Stoffel.

Two men were killed and others seriously injured the other day by a fall of *débris* at Black Vein Colliery, Risca, Monmouthshire.

A Lombard telegram from Brussels states that Viscount Vilain XIV., Minister of State and President of the Chamber of Representatives, is dangerously ill.

From Berlin it is announced that the Emperor of Russia is expected on the 9th of June. It is reported that his Majesty will be present at the triumphal entry of the troops.

The *Knight Errant* understands that the author of "Bitter is the Rind" is engaged upon a new novel to be called "Sweet is the Treacle."

The *Eastern Budget* correspondent at Bucharest says:—"The Sultan has addressed an autograph letter to Prince Charles, in which he assures the prince of his friendly sentiments and of his satisfaction at the turn things are taking in the country. Such a letter addressed by the Sultan to a vassal is unprecedented."

The death is announced of M. J. F. Cail, the head of the great foundries at Paris, Denain, Douay, and Valenciennes.

All the American railways are now laying down steel rails.

Miss Glyn was expected to leave New York for England on the 17th ult. She intends to give some readings in England, and will return to the United States in September.

The English sparrows in New York have not yet established themselves, but they have driven all the small birds away.

The London undertakers are getting up an agitation against Sunday funerals.

Prisoners in the Louisiana State Prison are always washed before they are ironed.

According to a despatch from Versailles, the Committee of the Assembly on Treaties of Commerce have resolved that at their expiration the treaties should be replaced by tariffs. It is proposed that cotton should bear an impost of 20 per cent.

Another Hindoo reformer is about to visit this country. Baboo Sasi Pershad Banerjee and his wife, both members of the Brahmo Somaj, to which Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen belongs, have left Calcutta on a voyage to England.

His Royal Highness Prince Arthur is now convalescent, and left town on Monday afternoon for Frogmore, where he will remain some time with Prince and Princess Christian.

The number of emigrants who left the ports of Ireland in the first four months of the present year was above nine per cent. less than in the corresponding period of last year. The numbers are 15,500 males and 9,781 females, making a total of 25,281, being 1,982 males and 642 females fewer than in the first four months of 1870.

On the moors in Yorkshire, Derbyshire, and Cheshire the prospects of the coming grouse season are reported to be highly satisfactory. The nesting season has been unusually good, and no damage whatever accrued from the sharp frosts which prevailed during a few days in the beginning of April. Young birds were noticed as early as the latter part of April, and some of the early broods are already on the wing. No symptom of the "grouse disease" has been observed.

A portion of the shipwrecked crew of thirty-one men of the *Challenger*, Lovell, master, of and for London, have just been landed at Scilly. The vessel was abandoned in a sinking condition on the 14th of May, and the whole of the crew were picked up by the American ship *Twilight*, which transferred some to the barques *Rapid* and *Canada*, retaining the captain and fourteen seamen.

Oakey's Wellington Knife Polish.—Old knives cleaned constantly with this preparation bear a brilliancy of polish equal to new cutlery. Can be used with any kind of knife-board or knife-cleaning machine. Retail packets 3d. each, and tins 6d., 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. each. Wholesale, Oakey and Sons, Wellington Emery and Black Lead Mills, Blackfriars, London.

Silver, Electro Plate, &c., to Clean and Preserve.—*Oakey's Non-Mercurial Silversmiths' Soap* is guaranteed to be free from mercury or any other injurious ingredients too often used in the manufacture of plate powder. Tablets 6d. each, by all grocers, ironmongers, brushmakers, chemists, &c. Wholesale, Oakey and Sons, Wellington Emery and Black Lead Mills, Blackfriars, London. [309

Patent Teeth on Soft Gums.—Mr. William J. Watson, Surgeon Dentist, 16, Newhall Street, Birmingham, begs to inform the inhabitants of the Midland Counties that he is the SOLE INVENTOR and DISCOVERER of a new system of fixing PATENT TEETH on SOFT GUMS, and he being the actual Maker, is enabled to supply Teeth *at about one-third the usual charges*. Single Teeth from 3s. 6d. each; Sets from £2 10s., including all charges. Perfectly fitted at one visit. Attendance daily from nine a.m. till eight p.m. Consultation free. [164

Beautiful Hair.—The Plain Truth.—If people will only use Mrs. S. A. Allen's Preparations, they will have no trouble about their Hair. Mrs. Allen's World's Hair Restorer will positively and certainly restore the natural original colour in every case of greyness, no matter from what cause it arises—the hair is stimulated to natural growth. The "Zylobalsamum," as a hair-dressing for young and old, is the best article that can be used; it imparts a gloss and vigorous appearance to the hair very beautiful to see. The Restorer, 6s.; the Zylobalsamum, 3s. (Separate preparations—not at all necessary to be used together.)—Depôt, 266, High Holborn, London. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers. [366

Floriline!!—For the Teeth and Breath.—A few drops of the Fragrant Floriline on a wet tooth brush produces a delightful foam, which cleanses the teeth from all impurities, strengthens and hardens the gums, prevents tartar, and arrests the progress of decay. It gives to the Teeth a peculiar and beautiful whiteness, and imparts a delightful fragrance to the breath. It removes all unpleasant odour arising from decayed Teeth, a disordered stomach, or tobacco smoke. The Fragrant Floriline is purely vegetable, and equally adapted to old and young. It is the greatest Toilet discovery of the age. Sold in elegant cases, complete, at 2s. 6d., by all Chemists and Perfumers.—H. C. Gallup, Proprietor, 493, Oxford-street, London. [156

To Clean a Silk Dress.—Use Archer's improved Colloid, as advertised on page 204. This article is also invaluable for washing prints, muslins, and all coloured frocks or dresses for spring and summer wear. [361

Faceache, Toothache, Tic Doloreux.—ADAM SMITH'S NEURALGINE effects a certain cure.—Depôt, 39, Ann-street. Sold by all Chemists; and Gare, Green, Bagott, of Dudley. [107

COUNTRY LIFE.

THIRTY or forty years ago holiday-making in the ordinary sense of the term had fallen to a very low ebb in England. Many seasons were commemorated with special fare and abundant feastings, but the nation, as a nation, did not leave off work and betake itself to play in the wholesale way with which we are familiar in these days. There was hardly a people on the Continent, Catholic or Protestant, who did not enjoy more festivals than we. Puritanism had somehow driven us away from our old religious feasts, and we had found nothing to supply the place of them. Within the recollection of the present generation, Christmas Day and Good Friday were the only days in the year when the shops in our towns were closed, and those were, naturally, not exactly days of public entertainment, for all places of amusement were shut up with the shops. The practice of suspending business the day after the twenty-fifth of December is quite a recent innovation, and it is not long since holiday-making on Whit-Monday was confined to those workpeople who were sufficiently independent of their employers to steal a day from labour on their own account.

With extraordinary rapidity has the Whitsuntide holiday grown to its present proportions. Where a few hundreds broke away from toil some twelve or twenty years ago, thousands, and indeed hundreds of thousands, now betake themselves to determined and violent recreation. In almost every part of England this week factories and workshops of all sorts were closed on Monday, and in a large number of cases on Tuesday and Wednesday. Whit-Monday in the Midlands, for example, is an extraordinary experience to one who knows little of English country life. The excursions, the gipsyings, the fêtes, the fairs change whole counties into a scene of revelry which would have astonished our fathers of the early part of this century.

In Manchester such elaborate preparations are made to assist the holiday-folk to celebrate the season that we are tempted to give an extract or two from one of the local papers, showing that in the capital of the manufacturing districts of the north provision is made in greater variety, and perhaps at a larger outlay, than in almost any other locality to enable the people to get the most out of their spare hours. This is what was done for the Museum to render it the more worthy of a visit, not at Whitsuntide only, but in the coming season, during which many thousands will spend a few hours or days in the great northern city :—

"The entrance to the Museum has been redecorated, the several rooms have been painted and beautified, and, along with the cases they contain, thoroughly cleaned. The engraving room has received a valuable acquisition in several fresh issues by the Arundel Society of works of early Italian painters. A few busts have also been added to the collection. Several specimens have been obtained for the geological room illustrative of the pre-historic age of man. Considerable additions have also been made to the mineralogical collection. A valuable contribution to the curiosities of the south gallery has been made by Mr. James Birchby, of Salford, consisting of a case of Chinese robes and ornaments. It includes the figure of a mandarin richly attired in purple silk, the dress of a Chinese lady as worn at the Emperor's Court, and numerous specimens of Chinese jewellery. Among the latter the most interesting are three silver nail protectors, the nails being worn at an enormous length by some ranks of the Chinese nobility, to distinguish their social status and connection with the Court. Another new feature in the collection is a double case of African textile fabrics, presented by the Cotton Supply Association of Manchester. It contains specimens of native-made cloths and of the raw material serviceable to Manchester manufacturers. In the north gallery there has been a considerable increase of specimens illustrative of local industrial products. The natural history rooms have been rearranged, and a great many additional objects of interest, including birds, fishes, and shells, disposed of with wonderful ingenuity and considerable taste in the formerly overcrowded cases. The most noticeable addition to the collection in the British department is a male specimen of the capercailzie, which was shot in Perthshire. This is the largest bird that comes within the protection of the game laws, and it has now become so rare that the sportsman seldom meets with one. Two cases of Australian birds, presented by Mr. J. J. Wood, of Broughton, one of the councillors for the borough, have been added to the foreign collection."

The season affords us an opportunity of adding a few items of intelligence of the condition of the Manchester parks :—

"Queen's Park, which is a resort for many thousands of Sunday school children every year at Whitsuntide, is upwards of thirty statute acres in extent ; its walks and playgrounds are kept in perfect order, and its horticultural excellence is maintained. The cold, wet weather which we have had during the past month seems to have had a prejudicial effect upon the vegetation. It has caused some delay in bedding out. The blooming of the more showy plants—the rhododendrons, for instance—has been retarded ; but one or two borders, which are well covered with the favourite shrub we have named, will present a very fair appearance in the course of the week. The absence of flowers is in some degree compensated by the abundance of foliage upon the trees and plants generally, and the luxuriance of the grass, of which there is a large breadth available for the sports of the children who may visit the park."

The weather must have been less favourable to the flowers in Lancashire than in some of our more southern latitudes, but everywhere we mark this year the same luxuriousness of foliage and the same richness of the grass crop.

"The principal work which has been done in Philips Park during the past year has been the asphalting of the walks ; but other improvements have taken place that add to the picturesqueness of the grounds. Mr. Harrison, the gardener, has great difficulties to contend with, in consequence of the close proximity of the park to the mills and works of Bradford and the neighbourhood. The atmosphere is poisoned by the mass of smoke that is continually sent from these works ; for, from whatever quarter the wind may blow, one part of the park is sure to suffer. Whatever influence gasworks may have upon the health of the public—a question which has brought forth a report from the Officer of Health to the City Council, who are divided in opinion on the subject—there can be no doubt that Philips Park has escaped what would have been an additional nuisance if the proposed new gasworks had been erected, as at first contemplated. The appearance of several of the lakes has been improved by some nice rockery work. Several new walks are being made, and preparations are in progress for the erection of a bridge over the Medlock, independently of the present small iron bridge, so as to bring the park into communication with Hulme Hall-lane. The gymnasiums and playgrounds are supplied with swings, horizontal bars, vaulting apparatus, and all the necessary requirements for athletic exercises.

"Alexandra Park, which has been permanently open to the public only since August, is now very near completion ; and though some important work yet remains to be done in it, little, if anything, is wanting to enable the visitor to appreciate thoroughly its many beauties and attractions. It contains sixty acres of land, and all appears to have been done that taste and skill could suggest to lay it out to the greatest advantage. One of the most pleasing features in it is a terrace, fifty feet wide and about five feet high, extending along the north side from the Hulme entrance to the Chorlton entrance. This terrace is not yet finished, but it is the only work of importance in the park, except gateways, which is now incomplete. It is ascended at each end and in the middle by handsome flights of stone steps, and along it runs a broad path, with grass on each side, in which flower-beds are cut. Midway between the ends the path opens into a circle, in the centre of which is an ornamental clock tower, twenty feet high. The steps leading to the terrace and the circle round the clock tower will be ornamented with vases containing plants and flowers ; and, judging by the appearance of a few of them already in position, their effect will be to enhance considerably the beauty of what will be a delightful promenade. Another of the chief ornaments of the park is the pond, which covers two acres of land, and is constructed so as to make the sheet of water look as extensive as possible. Around it are sloping banks covered with shrubs, flowers, &c., and in some places it is bordered by rockeries thickly interspersed with plants. In the centre is an island covered with rocks and shrubs, and a number of swans and other water birds lend animation to the scene presented by the little lake. Near the Chorlton side of the park is a bowling-green. This is sunk some feet below the general level of the park, and is entered by four flights of stone steps, one at each of the ends and sides. It is seventy-four feet long and sixty-four feet wide ; and near it is a bowl-house, containing thirty sets of bowls. There are two large playgrounds and two gymnasiums. One of the playgrounds contains nine acres and the other seven and three-quarters. The gymnasiums are liberally provided with apparatus for exercising youthful limbs and muscles. That appropriated to the girls is enclosed on one side by the park wall, and on the others by a rockery and shrubbery."

These scraps illustrate the great modern work of providing recreation grounds for the thousands upon thousands of the hard-working people of our great towns. The following is an account of what appears to us to be a unique representation of the Fall of Strasburg, in which the "unities" are curiously well observed. It is an item in the Whitsuntide entertainments in the Belle Vue Gardens at Manchester :—

"The view is taken from a point within the city of Strasburg, near the river called the Ill. The quaint houses, with high-pitched roofs, are arranged with admirable effect. Between them an open space leads to the Cathedral, the glory of Alsace. In the foreground are the ramparts, with their embrasures. A part of the citadel is on the spectator's right. Outside the walls is the Rhine, and the background is a succession of hills completely producing the illusion of distance. Some trees grow in the gardens of the houses ; and by the water side are several washing sheds. The proceedings commence with a merry-making among the French soldiers on the ramparts, in the midst of which a couple of bears enter the town and dance. The bands play a number of popular French tunes. The officers, looking on at the amusements, perceive three strangers, who turn out to be Uhlans. A file of soldiers is sent to arrest them. The drums beat, the troops assemble, and the people residing outside the walls drive in their oxen, sheep, horses, and goats, and carry their furniture and luggage to a place of safety in the besieged city. The bombardment begins, and the shells flying over the ramparts demolish some of the houses and set fire to others. The defending army marches down the main street, and a detachment makes a sortie, which is met outside by the Germans. The cannonading increases ; the besieged bring up gabions, sand bags, and the like, and erect a formidable barricade. Guns and mortars are drawn to the front, and the cross-fire of shells becomes very thick. The citizens assemble and appeal to General Uhrich to surrender. After some hesitation he sends a flag of truce. The Germans make a triumphal entry, the band playing the 'Watch on the Rhine.' The display concludes with an immense transparency, measuring thirty-five feet by forty-five feet, representing Europe, as a warrior, welcoming Peace, with the motto, 'Welcome, Peace, to Europe.'"

That is a curious bit of condensed history, as correct as to facts, perhaps, as a good deal which we are wont to accept as authentic.

JEWISH PAUPERS.

We do not suppose there are many Jews among our great population of paupers, for Israelites are a careful and provident race, and the wealthy members of the tribe are in the habit of looking after the less prosperous brethren of their fraternity. That there are or may be, however, sons and daughters of Abraham receiving parochial relief is to be inferred from a recent movement of which we read for the first time in the reports of the proceedings of country Boards of Guardians. It seems that a Jewish workhouse has been established in London, and a circular has been addressed to many, if not all the Boards of Guardians, offering to relieve the local ratepayers of the burden of continuing to support any members of the Jewish family who may have fallen into the pauper class. The following is an extract from a report, in the *Warrington Guardian*, of the proceedings of a recent meeting of the Altrincham Union, in Lancashire :—

"The Clerk read a circular from the Jewish Workhouse in London, asking for a list of any Jewish paupers they might have in that union, so that they might be removed.

"The Chairman : Have we any ?

"Mr. Fullalove : None whatever.

"The Clerk corroborated that statement, and the matter dropped."

The next scrap is cut from a report of the last meeting of the Canterbury Incorporation :—

"The Clerk read a letter from a Jewish society in London, soliciting to be informed of any persons of that persuasion now resident paupers in the House, with a view to steps being taken for their removal.

"In the course of a conversation arising out of the above, it was mentioned that children of Solley Solomon were in the house, and the question was asked if their names were to be returned to the society.

"A member of the Court expressed his opinion that Solomon was not recognised as a Jew by members of that religious sect, in consequence of the commission by him of an act which excommunicated him from their body.

"It was resolved that the Clerk write to the hon. secretary of the Jewish Workhouse in London, informing him that the mother of Solley Solomon received out-door relief, and that several of his children were now pauper inmates of the house."

We hope the excommunication of Solley Solomon will not render all the members of his family ineligible for relief in the Jewish Workhouse in London. There is something, no doubt, to be said in favour of our Poor Law system, but we believe the Jews will manage their paupers by a method which will tend to render them better members of society than if they spent their days of destitution in an ordinary English workhouse.

OUR INVULNERABLE ISLAND.

The Germans have settled down now very peacefully after the war ; but it is not many weeks since we were told that Prussian military officers in France were discussing plans for the invasion and capture of our island ; and we find that the question of the possible invasion of England is still the subject of a good deal of rather serious talk in the Western Principality. From the letter of a correspondent of a Welsh journal we quote the following passage intended to allay the fears of the timid :—

"Can an enemy land an army on our shores ? The great Napoleon failed in the attempt, and there is none else that can do it, or that will make the attempt. It is no easy thing to disembark an invading army ; and for our satisfaction let us hear the testimony borne to this point by Mr. Vignolles, the president of the Mechanical Section in the late meeting of the British Association at Liverpool :—'I think,' said he, 'I shall be disabusing the minds of many who have supposed this country is not prepared, or that the Government have been unaware of the necessity of creating the best means of communication in the event of invasion or war, by stating that for several years the military department at the Horse Guards, and the chief engineers of the country, have been in constant communication, and have formed deliberate arrangements by which, in the event of any casualty occurring, such as the invasion of the country, within forty-eight hours the whole of the military forces of the country—100,000 men—if we had them at our disposal, might be, in forty-eight hours, brought to any one point of attack.' Mr. Vignolles next pointed out, by extracts from Mr. Kinglake's 'Crimean War,' 'that in fine weather, without opposition, and under the guns of the fleet, it took five days to land 26,000 troops, 1,000 horses, and sixty guns. These facts,' Mr. Vignolles said, 'would, he hoped, be some consolation to the old soldiers and old women as to our alleged want of preparation.'"

We do not know whether these arguments are likely to reassure those who have been frightened as to the invasion of England, but we do not think the calculations advanced by this correspondent wholly meet the case. In our opinion the Germans will never try to take our island from us ; but should they be disposed to make the attempt, and should they have a Moltke to take charge of the transportation of the army across the water, they would probably contrive some means of getting, or attempting to get, 100,000 men ashore without being twenty days, or even five, in the process.

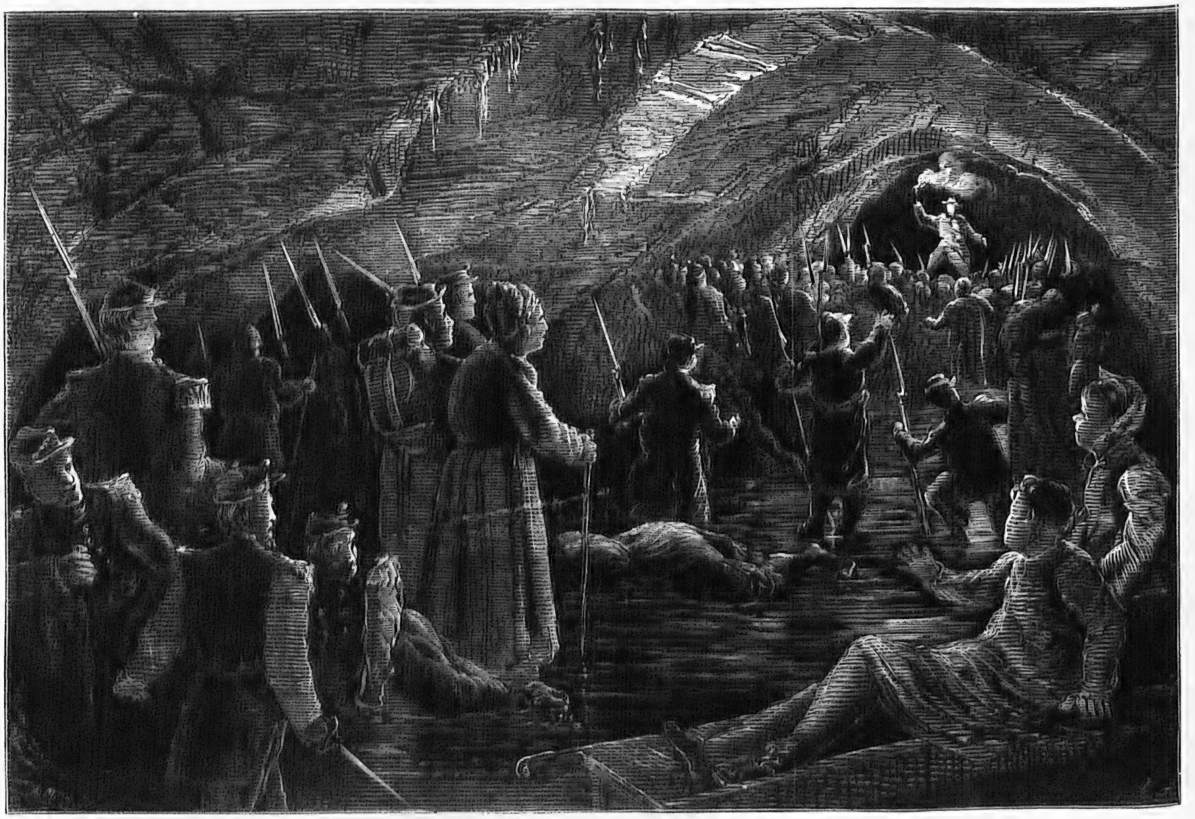
A NEW ARTICLE OF RELIGIOUS FAITH.

From a letter in a Yorkshire paper, we are led to believe that a new article of faith, or a new religious test, of ministerial qualification, is likely to be introduced into some branches of the Wesleyan Church. The communication contains the following note :—

"At a meeting in the School Room, Jarratt-street, Hull, last evening, it was moved, seconded, and carried unanimously, 'That this meeting is deeply impressed with the fact that the drinking customs of society are the fruitful source of most of the crime, poverty, wretchedness, and misery that disgrace this country, and in view of the growing sentiment inimical to the traffic in intoxicating drink, deeply regrets the appointment of the Rev. William Robinson to this circuit, inasmuch as his influence as a non-abstainer is opposed to the future weal and prosperity of this society, and protests against the appointment as an outrage on the feelings and sentiments of the friends of this Band of Hope in particular, and on the friends of temperance in general.'"

Reverend gentlemen of that particular persuasion must, it seems, be teetotallers. We take the protest of the Band of Hope as an indication of the general prevalence of total abstinence among the preachers of the body to which Mr. Robinson belongs. We look, however, with some alarm upon the tendency to add new tests among the Nonconformists.

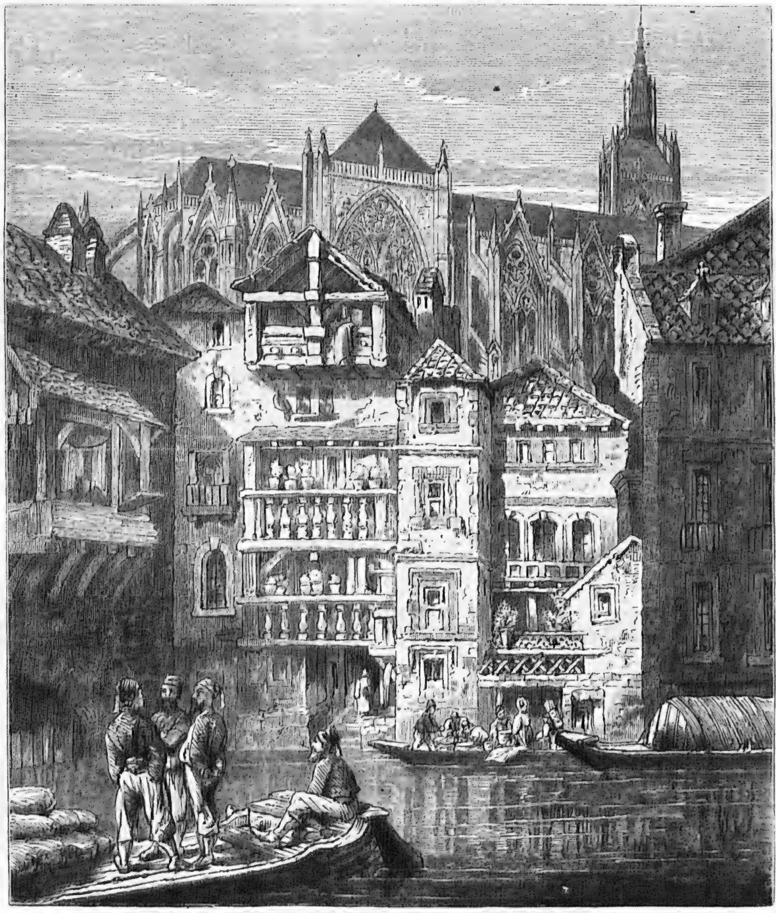
ROYAL CALEDONIAN ASYLUM.—His Royal Highness Prince Arthur and His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge have signified their intention to be present at the fifty-sixth anniversary dinner of this institution, on Wednesday, June 28th, when His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales will take the chair.



ESCAPE OF COMMUNISTS FROM FORT VANVES.

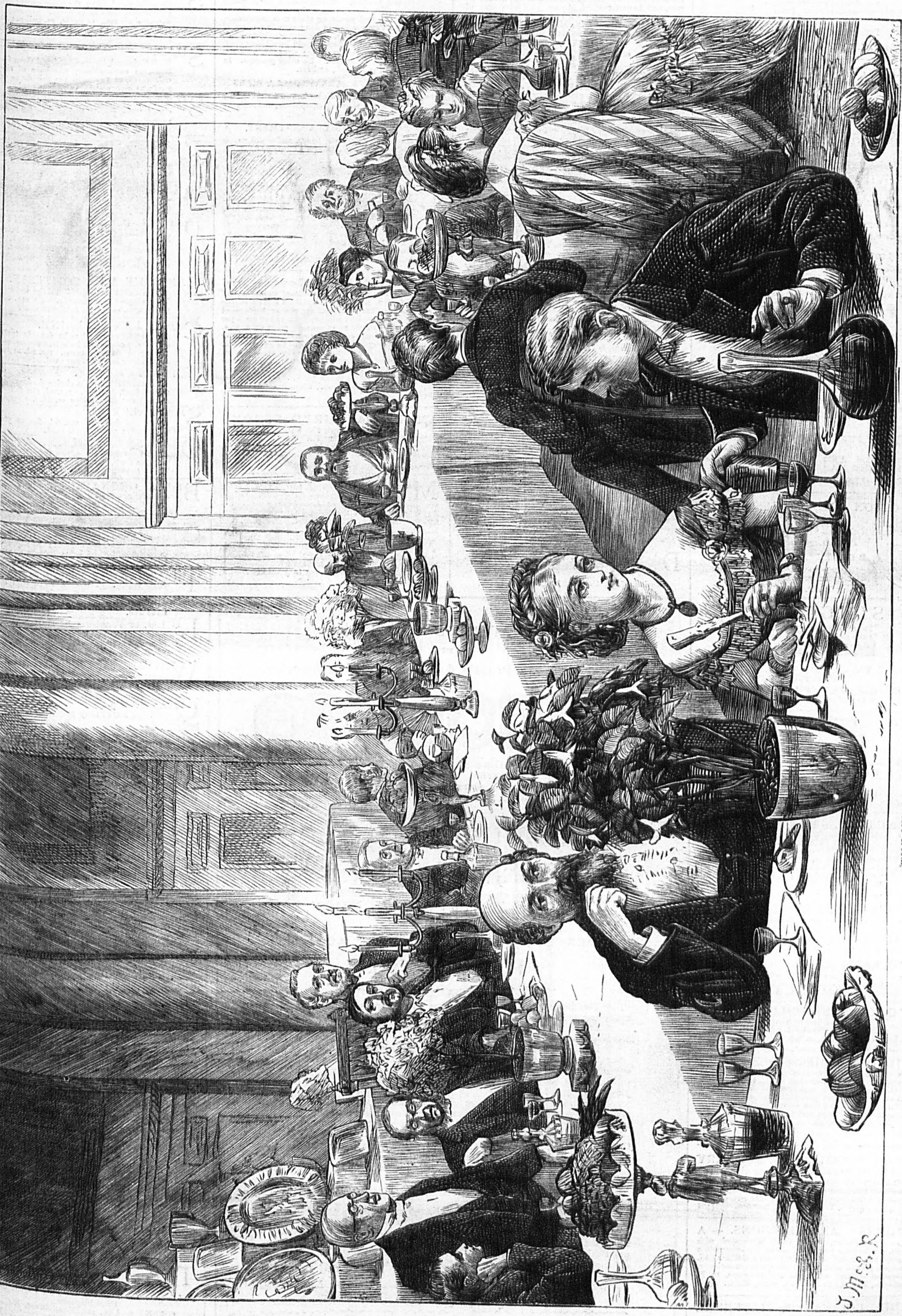
METZ.

We this week make an addition to our illustrations of Metz. It represents the Watergate, and will be found on this page. The city has suffered great hardships from war for hundreds of years, but it has never witnessed anything half as terrible as during the past few months. Metz is a fine old city. Its houses are lofty and quaint, but like most fortified places its streets are narrow. It is more open, however, near the river: the quays are broad, and the bridges magnificent. The river is clear and rapid, and swells to an expanded stream where not confined by the embankments, as it is within the fortifications. Metz was fortified by Marshals Vauban and Belleisle. It has several strong outworks, and a citadel on the Moselle; but the latter was partly dismantled during the Revolution, and its esplanade has been laid out in public walks, which command a fine view of the valley of the Moselle and its bounding hills. The city has nine gates and drawbridges. The most conspicuous public building is the cathedral, a vast pile commenced in 1014, but not finished till 1546. Metz is a manufacturing city in which are made woollen goods of various kinds, hosiery, and cotton goods. Much trade originates here from the produce of the vines, some portion of which is converted into wine, but more into brandy and vinegar. It is encircled by hills covered from the top to the bottom with fruit gardens and vineyards. The vineyards are mostly in small divisions, and principally cultivated by small proprietors. Metz is a very ancient city. It still possesses several ruins belonging to the Roman period, among which are the remains of an aqueduct, that appears to have conveyed water to a *n umachinus* near the south extremity of the city. The site of the latter is now occupied by outworks belonging to the fortifications. Parts of an amphitheatre and of a Roman palace are still traceable in the city. It suffered considerably about *anno* 70, from some excesses of the troops of Vitellius, and was nearly destroyed by the savage barbarism of Attila in 452. It had, however, recovered a large portion of its former prosperity in the middle ages, and became the capital of the kingdom of Austrasia. From the eleventh century to 1552, when it was taken by Henry II., it was an independent flourishing city. In the same year that it was taken by Henry it was besieged by the Emperor Charles V. with an army of 100,000 men, but the Duke of Guise successfully defended the town, and Charles was obliged to relinquish the siege. It was finally annexed to the French crown by the Treaty of Westphalia, in 1648.



THE WATER-GATE AT METZ

"Alas! Poor Ghost."—In *Varieties of Viceregal Life* is the following:—"The gentlemen passengers have been getting up a play, which was performed yesterday, and succeeded admirably. It was a burlesque on 'Hamlet,' and it was played on the lower deck, and as the ghost could not by any means be made to rise, it was decided that he should descend through the hatchway. And so he did; but, unfortunately, the tackle used for the purpose was not quite long enough, so the unlucky ghost remained suspended—his feet not quite touching the ground, and his weight causing him to turn slowly round. The doctor, who performed this part, was, however, quite equal to the occasion, maintained a most imperturbable countenance, and delivered his speech without so much as moving a muscle, unheeding alike the awkwardness of the position and the roar of laughter which it excited."



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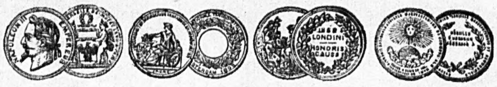

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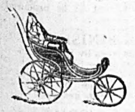

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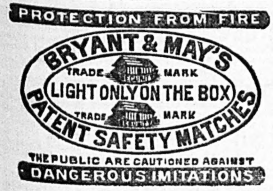

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BIRMINGHAM.
JEWELLERS' & PAWNBROKERS'
CELEBRATED WINDOW MARKS.

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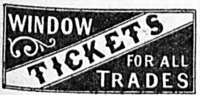
First-class Tickets for Birmingham and Sheffield Goods.



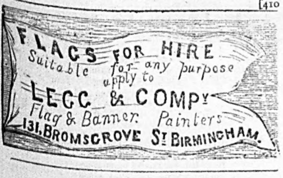
China and Glass Warehouses, Grocers, Drapers, and Outfitters. The most effective and cheapest ever produced.

Largest variety in the world from 6d. the gross. [138

FACTS FOR LADIES.

SEWING MACHINES,
UNEQUALLED FOR FAMILY USE.

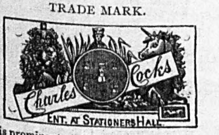
THE ALBERTA 5 GUINEA SILENT LOCK-STITCH.
With Square Stand, 6 gs. With Ornamental Bronzed Stand, 6½ gs.
THE EXCELSIOR,
With Stand . . . . . 6 gs.
Hand Machines from 30s.
First-class Lock-Stitch, from 63s.
WHIGHT & MANN, 143, Holborn Bars, London. [410



THE BEST SAUCE
IS
CHARLES COCKS'
ORIGINAL
READING SAUCE,
which has been
Three-fourths of a Century before the Public.

Purchasers (by observing ordinary Caution) can guard against WORTHLESS IMITATIONS, by refusing to have any that *does not* bear this

TRADE MARK.



Which is prominent on the LABEL and WRAPPER of each Bottle of the
GENUINE AND ORIGINAL.

Manufactory:
6, DUKE STREET, READING.

Special Agents:
CROSSE & BLACKWELL, LONDON,
And Sold by Grocers and Oilmen Universally. [389

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CAPITAL ONE MILLION STERLING.
HEAD OFFICE: 28, St. Vincent Place, Glasgow.
LONDON OFFICE: 8, Moorgate Street, E.C.
Chairman—ALEXANDER CRUM, Esq., of Thornliebank.

ABSTRACT FROM REPORTS OF 1870 AND 1871, SHOWING THE PROGRESS OF THE COMPANY.

1870.		1871.
£36,165 8 10	Gross Fire Income	£55,139 2 0
27,554 3 4	Nett Fire Premiums	45,243 16 10
13,111 11 1	Losses	22,766 17 7
7,555 10 6	Balance of Profit and Loss Account	12,336 11 2
17,067 10 4	Accumulated Funds (Fire and Life)	26,869 14 2
68,492 10 4	Invested Funds, including Paid-up Capital	78,294 14 2

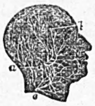
APPLICATION FOR AGENCIES INVITED.
FRED. J. HALLOWS, *Manager*.
May, 1871. [370

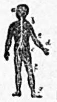
BRADEN AND COMPANY'S
SUPERIOR

PREPARED GROATS.
PREPARED BARLEY. — For making pure Gruel and Barley Water in Ten Minutes, without the trouble of straining, in 3d. and 6d. packets, and 1s. canisters.
PREPARED PEAS FLOUR. — For making delicious Soup in Ten Minutes, in 1d., 2d., 3d., 6d., packets, and 1s. canisters.
BRADEN'S BAKING POWDER. UNADULTERATED. — Puddings without eggs, Bread without Yeast, Pastry Light and Wholesome, and with less Butter.
BRADEN'S EGG POWDER. One Penny Packet equal to Nine Eggs.

SOLD BY ALL GROCERS, CORNDEALERS, OILMEN, AND DRUGGISTS.
MANUFACTORY—STEAM MILLS, WHITE'S GROUNDS, S.E. [251

APPLIED NEURALINE. EXTERNALLY.





THE INSTANT CURE FOR
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Prepared by LEATH & ROSS, Homœopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, corner of Doctors' Commons, and 9, Vere Street, W.; and sold by all Patent Medicine Vendors.
Price 1s. 1½d., 1s. 9d., and 2s. 9d. per bottle.
The Cuts show Nerve-centres, and where Neuraline should be applied. [241

LAMPLOUGH'S
PYRETIC SALINE

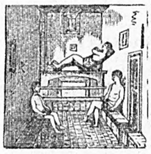
Is noted for making a most invigorating, vitalising, and refreshing draught, that has proved the best preventive of SMALL POX, and Headache, Sea or Bilious Sickness; it quickly cures the worst form of Eruptive or Skin Complaints, and the various diseases arising from Constipation, the Liver, or Blood Impurities, Inoculation, the results of breathing air infected with Fevers, Measles, or other and contagious poisons, *are Cured and Prevented by its Use*. Sold by all Chemists and the Maker. In Patent Glass Stoppered Bottles at 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 11s. and 21s. each. NOTICE MY TRADE MARK, AND BEWARE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS.

H. LAMPLOUGH, 113, HOLBORN HILL, LONDON, E.C. [37

WILLCOX AND GIBBS'
SILENT
SEWING MACHINE

TRIAL
BEFORE
PURCHASE

MACHINES TAKEN IN EXCHANGE.
Machines on Hire.
T. S. TONGUE,
Sole Agent,
3, BULL STREET,
BIRMINGHAM [426



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Open daily for Ladies and Gentlemen (Sundays excepted) from 8 a.m. till 8 p.m.

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N.B.—The only Establishment in the Midland Counties where you can have such a variety of Baths for the purposes of luxury and health.

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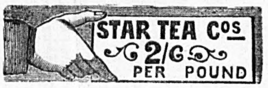
MISS MELLING, *Superintendent of The Ladies' Department*. [909

MR. J. SWINSON,
DENTIST,
SOLIHULL.
Attendance daily. Hours, from 10 till 6. [80



74B, WORCESTER STREET, BIRMINGHAM. [183

SWINDEN AND SONS,
(Established 1825,)
27, TEMPLE STREET, BIRMINGHAM,
Wholesale, Retail, and for Exportation,

Invite an inspection of their new stock of high-class Coloured Gold Jewellery.
Drawing-room Gilt Clocks and Dining-room Marble Clocks, China Clocks and Vienna Regulators for Halls.
Bed-room and Kitchen Clocks.
Presentation Clocks and Gold and Silver Watches of every description.
A large and choice assortment of Musical Boxes now on hand. [394

WM. CARVER'S DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINES are unequalled for quality, durability, and prices.
Works and Show Rooms, PARK STREET, CHEETHAM HILL ROAD, MANCHESTER. [395

A NEW STORY
BY
MISS M. E. BRADDON,
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PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED.

THE ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER of Saturday, June 17, will contain the opening chapters of

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ILLUSTRATED BY EMINENT ARTISTS.

Price Threepence Weekly.

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STEEL PENS.
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GENERAL DECORATOR,
5, *MOAT ROW*, *SMITHFIELD*,
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Dealer in all kinds of Paper Hangings. [127

PATENT METALLIC AIR-TIGHT COFFINS, combining all the advantages of Wood Shell, and Lead and Oak Coffins can be obtained *at once* on application to the Head Office of the
PATENT METALLIC AIR-TIGHT COFFIN COMPANY,
158, *GREAT CHARLES STREET*,
BIRMINGHAM.
Prices, &c., sent post free. [503

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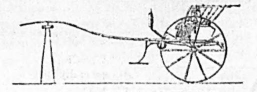

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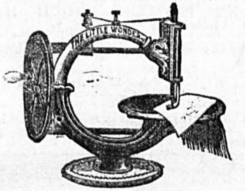
SLATER & CO.'S
LITTLE WONDER LOCK-STITCH SEWING MACHINES.
BOTH SIDES ALIKE, £3 3s.



REDUCTION IN PRICE OF SEWING MACHINES, with all the latest Improvements. The Wheeler and Wilson's, £5 10s.; No. 2 Howe's, £6 10s.; No. 2 Thomas's, £7; Patching Machines, for Repairing Old Boots, or general work, £8. Any other make repaired or altered. Second-hand Machines, £2.—N.B. Slater and Co.'s Manufactory, 18 and 19, Edmund Street, near the Town Hall. [36

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MATHER'S ORIENTAL ROSE CREAM, extracted from the choicest rose-leaves, removes scurf, strengthens and imparts a gloss (without the use of pomades) to the hair, and prevents baldness, even restoring the growth in many cases which appear hopeless.—Sold by all chemists in bottles at 1s., 2s. 6d., and 5s. each—WILLIAM MATHER, 14, Bath Street, Newgate St., London, E.C.; 19, Hanging Ditch, and 106, Chester Road, Manchester.

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CAUTION.—"W. MATHER, Chester-road, Manchester," on the Government stamp round every box.
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FREE TRIAL AT HOME.

WHY NOT SEND

FOR THE WILLCOX AND GIBBS

SILENT SEWING MACHINE,

FOR A MONTH'S FREE TRIAL

IN YOUR OWN HOME?

If you reply, Because we fear we may be induced to buy a Machine we do not like; we answer,

YOU ARE PERFECTLY FREE

EITHER TO KEEP OR

RETURN THE MACHINE.

But perhaps you say, If we return the Machine we may feel obliged to take some other instead; to which we answer,

THERE IS NO OBLIGATION TO take any Machine whatever.

But surely, you reply, there is some expense to us attending the Trial?

THERE IS NO CHARGE WHATEVER MADE FOR THE TRIAL, under any circumstances; and the Machine is sent, carriage paid, to the nearest station.

But suppose we should injure the Machine in any way?

IN REQUESTING INTENDING PURCHASERS of MACHINES to make trial of the WILLCOX & GIBBS, *we accept the consequences*, relying on the good faith of applicants; at the same time, it is almost an impossibility for a novice to injure the Machine or get it out of order.

If we send for a Machine on these terms are there any conditions necessary to ensure attention to our order?

APPLICATION SHOULD BE ACCOMPANIED

WITH EITHER REFERENCES OR CASH.

But suppose we send the Cash, and afterwards find the Machine unsuitable for our purpose, or in some way unsatisfactory?

SHOULD THE MACHINE BE RETURNED

AT THE END OF THE TRIAL MONTH,

ANY PAYMENT WHICH HAS BEEN MADE

WILL BE REFUNDED IN FULL.

What advantages attend payment in advance?

PAYMENT IN ADVANCE AVOIDS the necessity of references, and permits the immediate sending of the Machine.

But suppose we prefer to give References rather than to pay in advance?

PAYMENT AFTER TRIAL IS ACCEPTED with equal readiness, provided the References are satisfactory as to applicant's trustworthiness.

What are the easiest terms of payment you offer?

PAYMENT BY MONTHLY INSTALMENTS is also accepted, Five per Cent. being added to amounts not paid at the end of the trial month.

Do you take other Machines in exchange?

MACHINES OF OTHER MAKERS ARE TAKEN IN PART PAYMENT FOR OUR OWN.

Does the Free Trial at Home depend upon the mode of payment?

THE MONTH'S FREE TRIAL AT HOME is always assured, in whatever manner Payment is to be made.

This is all very satisfactory; but, after all, can we not buy Machines for less money?

CHEAP MACHINES ARE DEAR in the end, costing much for repairs, spoiling much material, wasting much time, and giving no satisfaction.

But is it not more economical to do without Machines at all? Is it not better to do our sewing by hand, as formerly?

TIME IS MONEY, and that which saves time, saves money. There is only one Machine that never wastes time. It is always ready at any moment for any kind of work. Send for it, and see for yourselves.

ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST FREE.

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The Cheapest House for Silks.
Patterns free.
The Largest Variety in the Kingdom of
Cheap, Intermediate, and Best
SILKS.

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Very Best	55s. to 5 guineas.
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Very Best	55s. to 4 guineas.
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Very Best	65s. to 95s.
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BAKER and CRISP are now selling the largest, cheapest, and richest lot of Black Silks that have been offered since the year 1848.
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Black Satin Lison	95s. to 10 ,,
Black Figured Silks	35s. to 4 ,,
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LYONS SILKS, FRENCH MUSLINS,
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NOTICE.
The Richest JAPANESE SILKS, 29s. 6d. the full dress. In every shade or tint at 2s. 5½d. per yard.
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WHITE PIQUES, 6d. per yard.
A BANKRUPT'S STOCK OF
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Of these beautiful goods in Cords, Stripes, Checks, and Figures.
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1,200 Pieces at	5¾d. per yard.
A lot very superior	6¾d. per yard.
Superb Brillantes, usually 1s. yd.	all at 8¾d.
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Every size and colour, 2s. 7½d. per pair, or 31s. per doz. Free for 2 extra stamps. Obtainable only at BAKER and CRISP'S, 198, Regent Street.

RIDICULOUSLY CHEAP.
1,500 PIECES of FINE FRENCH MUSLINS,
Now selling at
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For the coming season. Patterns free.
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Early Spring POIL DE CHEVRE,
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THE PATENT MOLESKIN
Finish for
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SILK, WOOL, or WASHING GRENADINES for Evening, Wedding, or Dinner wear. The largest variety in London, from 10s. 6d. full dress.

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

HAS BEEN AWARDED

TWO GOLD MEDALS

FOR ITS SUPERIORITY OVER ALL OTHERS.

Makes Bread, Pastry, Puddings, &c., light and wholesome. Sold in 1d. and 2d. Packets, also 6d. and 1s. Patent Boxes. [393

SCHWEPPE'S SODA WATER.

SCHWEPPE'S LEMONADE.

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SCHWEPPE'S POTASS WATER.

Every Bottle is Protected by a Label having Name and Trade Mark. [364

HOW TO REAR CHILDREN.—Take an example from the Royal Nursery and never be without a bottle of Atkinson and Barker's Royal Infants' Preservative, as supplied to Queen Victoria and the Royal Family, and for nearly a century acknowledged the best medicine in the world for all disorders of infants, and for bowel complaints in adults. Royal Appointment dated 22nd February, 1844. Sold by Chemists everywhere. [335

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EPPS'S COCOA.
BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills.—*Civil Service Gazette.*

Made simply with boiling water or milk.
Each Packet is labelled—
JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists.
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MESSRS. ESKELL and SONS (the old-established Surgeon-Dentists).—By their newly patented improvements, ARTIFICIAL TEETH are made in a few hours to last a lifetime. Painless and perfect, guaranteed useful for all purposes. A single tooth, 5s.; a set, 50s.; stopping, 2s. 6d. Their treatise, "Dentistry of the Present Day," which affords every information, for three stamps. Attendance daily till eight. Consultations free.—13, Tichborne Street, W., top of the Haymarket. [338

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MR. WILLIAM J. WATSON,
SURGEON DENTIST
(Many years Assistant to Mr. ESKELL, of Bennett's-hill),
Supplies every description of Artificial Teeth and Gums so largely advertised, at about one-third of the usual charges, being the *actual maker*.
SINGLE TEETH FROM 3s. 6d.,
SETS FROM £2 10s., INCLUDING ALL CHARGES.
Only address, [40
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BOWATERS' PRIZE ARTIFICIAL TEETH defy all Competition for NATURAL APPEARANCE. MASTICATION, ARTICULATION, and COMFORT. Teeth fixed from 5s. per Tooth, including all charges.

W. BOWATER, Surgeon Dentist, &c., 142, Broad Street, Birmingham.

BOWATER'S TOOTH-ACHE SPECIFIC, in Bottles, 6d. and 1s. each; by Post, 7 or 14 Stamps. [573

BILIOUS and Liver Complaints, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Loss of Appetite, Drowsiness, Giddiness, Spasms, and all Disorders of the Stomach and Bowels are quickly removed by that well-known remedy, FRAMPTON'S PILL OF HEALTH.
Sold by all Medicine Vendors, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box, or obtained through any Chemist. [287

INDIGESTION.
The Medical Profession adopt
MORSON'S PREPARATION OF PEPSINE
As the True Remedy. Sold in Bottles and Boxes from 2s. 6d. by all Chemists, and the Manufacturers,
THOMAS MORSON & SON,
124, Southampton Row, W.C., London.
See name on label. [406

A MONTH'S FREE TRIAL
AT HOME.

WILLCOX AND GIBBS' SILENT
SEWING MACHINE.

T. S. TONGUE,
3, BULL STREET, BIRMINGHAM,
Agent. [397

DINING & LUNCHEON ROOMS.
THE STORES.
TOP OF NEW STREET
(Opposite the Town Hall),
BIRMINGHAM.
J. HILLMAN, Proprietor.

Gentlemen Dining at this Establishment will find every comfort that a large and well-fitted Dining Room can afford.

HOT JOINTS, FISH, SOUPS, &c.,
FROM TWELVE TILL FOUR.

Ales and Dublin Stout of the finest quality. Wines and Spirits of the best brands. [209

SUPERIOR TRUSSES,
ELASTIC STOCKINGS, &c.,
Manufactured by
W. H. BAILEY & SON,
418, OXFORD STREET.
Trusses from 5s. each; Stockings from 4s. 6d.
[375

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